The Outlook

AUGUST 22, 1917

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Next week The Outlook will print two articles which explain with authority and first-hand knowledge two recent developments in world events.

One of these is from Mr. Gino C. Speranza, The Outlook's special correspondent in Italy. The other is from Mr. Gregory Mason, and continues his staff correspondence from Russia.

The proposal of a basis of peace addressed to the warring nations by the Pope just before this issue of The Outlook goes to press, and discussed in an editorial on another page, has already renewed interest in the attitude of the Church of Rome toward the problems of the war. Again and again the question has arisen in the minds of thoughtful people, How is it possible that the great Roman Catholic Church, avowedly devoted to the cause of righteousness in its struggle against wrong, can have remained neutral between Germany and Germany's victims—the Belgians, the Armenians, and the helpless non-combatants she has deliberately attacked on land and sea? And now the question will arise in many people's minds, How is it possible that, in the face of the facts of this war, the head of the Roman Catholic Church can propose a peace which involves the acceptance of the German Government as a civilized Power, worthy of trust and of participation in a conference of equals? Those who are puzzled by these questions, which are discussed in the editorial above referred to, will, we think, find much of their perplexity removed by the reading of Mr. Speranza's correspondence in next week's Outlook under the title "The Pope, the War, and the Roman Question."

Russia continues and will continue to be the center of anxiety on the part of all her allies and the object of the utmost good will and desire for co-operation. The experience through which Russia has gone is one with which Americans cannot be too familiar. Mr. Mason's fourth article in his staff correspondence, to be published next week, under the title "The Aims of Democratic Russia," is an authorized interview with M. I. Tereschenko, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. The significance of this interview may be judged by what the Russian Foreign Minister has to say about the relation of the phrase, "peace without contributions or annexations," to the restoration of Serbia and Belgium.

THE WEEK

"HEADQUARTERS NIGHTS"

In the August "Atlantic Monthly" there is an article called "Headquarters Nights," by Vernon Kellogg, of the Belgian Relief Commission. Mr. Kellogg describes his article as the confessions of a converted pacifist, a pacifist converted to "an ardent supporter, not of war, but of *this* war." As the title of his article indicates, Mr. Kellogg during the progress of his work in Belgium and northern France came into intimate contact with the German officers at their headquarters. The house where Mr. Kellogg lived was an excellent vantage-point for a study of the German official mind. The officer detailed as Mr. Kellogg's guide, philosopher, and friend was a generous entertainer, and his dinners were rarely without guests. Mr. Kellogg writes:

> Officers, from veteran generals down to pink-cheeked lieutenants, came to us and asked us to them. The discussions, begun at dinner, lasted long into the night. They sat late, these German officers, over their abundant wine—French vintages conveniently arranged for. And always we talked and tried to understand one another; to get the other man's point of view, his *Weltanschauung*.

Of the German point of view Mr. Kellogg says:

> It is a point of view that will never allow any land or people controlled by it to exist peacefully by the side of a people governed by our point of view. For their point of view does not permit of a live-and-let-live kind of carrying on. It is a point of view that justifies itself by a whole-hearted acceptance of the worst of neo-Darwinism, the *Allmacht* of natural selection applied rigorously to human life and society and *Kultur*. . . . I was convinced . . . that this war, once begun, must be fought to a finish of decision—a finish that will determine whether or not Germany's point of view is to rule the world.

The end of the war means, in Mr. Kellogg's phrase, "Germany's conversion to be a good Germany, or not much of any Germany at all." To those who still suffer from the sedative influence of pacifism as well as those who desire to read one of the most illuminating documents on the war which has recently appeared we commend Mr. Kellogg's article.

LA FOLLETTE'S MANEUVERS FOR PEACE

On Saturday, August 11, 1917, Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, quoted President Wilson's phrase, "peace without victory," as constituting one of the "Whereases" prefatory to a resolution which he introduced.

Among the other "Whereases" was the German Chancellor's statement in the Reichstag of May 17, 1917: "We did not go to war and we are not fighting now in order to make conquests, but only to secure our existence and firmly to establish the future of the Nation."

Another "Whereas" was the Russian Provisional Government's declaration of May 19, 1917, in favor of peace "without annexation or indemnities."

Still another "Whereas" was Lord Robert Cecil's statement in the House of Commons of May 23, 1917, that the British Government's aims and aspirations are "dedicated solely by our determination to secure a peace founded on national liberty and international amity, and that all imperialistic aims based on force and conquest are completely absent from our programme."

Finally, there is the Reichstag vote of 214 to 116, on July 19, 1917, passing a resolution in favor of peace "without forced acquisition of territory and without political, economic, and financial violation."

Senator La Follette's resolution is to the effect that our Government "will not contribute to the efforts of any belligerent for the purpose of prolonging the war, to annexing new territory either in Europe or outside of Europe, or to enforce

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the payment of indemnities to recover the expenses of the war; but the Congress does hereby declare in favor of the creation of a common fund, to be provided by all the belligerent nations, to assist in the restoration of the portions of territory in any of the countries most seriously devastated by the war, and for the establishment of an international commission to decide the allotment of the common fund."

Why Senator La Follette is so chary of alluding to German reparation for wronging Belgium is not disclosed, nor, to any ordinary mind, easy to understand.

As a practical proposition for the consideration of Congress his resolution is equally hard to understand. There appears to be no chance of its passage. Congress sufficiently reflects the temper of the American people to make that a safe statement.

The mere introduction of such a resolution exactly serves Germany's purpose. No matter how falsely it represents American public sentiment, it will be eagerly and instantly used by German publicity agents as if it did fully represent that sentiment—by agents also who perfectly understand how to exalt a Senator's influence in the popular eye abroad. It will be used, not only in Germany by those agents, but especially in Russia, where they are particularly active, and where by their reported ownership of many Russian papers they have already interpreted America, not as it is, but as they would have the Russians believe it is—material, corrupt, unsubstantial. For this and other publicity purposes, we are told by an experienced observer lately in Russia, the German agents have already spent in Russia nearly fifty million rubles. As some offset in a publicity truth-telling campaign in Russia, we have spent about eighteen thousand rubles! The difference in these sums, according to this observer, represents the difference in influence as exhibited respectively by Germany and America. By the mere introduction of his resolution Senator La Follette has acted so as to diminish American influence in Russia and to reinforce the influence of Germany.

AMERICAN MILITARY DEVELOPMENTS

Newspapers of the week ending August 15 recorded not a few interesting facts concerning the progress of the organization of our military affairs. This week saw the conclusion of the first series of officers' training camps and the announcement of the award of many thousands of coveted commissions. The second series of camps are soon to begin, and at their conclusion the opportunity of securing a commission at a training camp will have ended. Officers in the future are to be chosen from the men in active service who demonstrate their efficiency. Those men who failed to secure commissions at the recent officers' training camps will be given an opportunity to serve as non-commissioned officers in the new army. Doubtless many of them will by this means later win the right to command.

On August 14 the War Department announced the organization of the first of the National Guard army divisions to be sent to France. This will be known as the Forty-second Division and will consist approximately of 19,000 men drawn from all over the country. The Major-General commanding this division is to be William A. Mann, now serving as Chief of Division of Military Affairs of the War Department. The selection of this division from military units all over the country is expected to have a moral value in stimulating interest in and understanding of the war.

An interesting announcement has been made by General Crowder concerning the conscientious objectors recognized by the Draft Law and the new National Army. The wise decision has been reached to employ these men in non-combatant service, but, it is made clear, in service which will not relieve them from the dangers of war.

The President has announced the appointment of 184 general officers in the National Army; 37 of them (all from the Regular Army with the exception of Major-General John F. O'Ryan, of New York, and Major-General Charles M. Clement, of Pennsylvania) are given the rank of major-general. This means the promotion of all the 35 brigadiers of the Regular Army to this higher rank. The order also includes the promotion of 147 colonels and lieutenant-colonels to the rank of brigadier-general.

The most disappointing item in the week's news is the confirmation by the War Department of the report which first appeared in the New York "Times," and which we recorded in last week's issue of The Outlook, that the new training camps are to be taken out of the authority of the departmental commanders. This action is defended on the ground that it will reduce paper work in the Army. To any one familiar with the paper work of the Army such a statement might sound prepossessing if one did not realize at the same time that this order will leave valuable departmental commanders stranded without an opportunity to exercise their proper functions.

If these departmental commanders are to be deprived of an opportunity for effective service in their present positions, they should be given commands in active service commensurate with their ability, rank, and experience.

THE NEED OF REAL SELECTION

It has been the wise intention of the Government to make our new National Army a real selective service. It has been called to the colors on a basis not only of choosing men because of their fitness for military work, but also of exempting men because of their ability to perform vitally necessary labors in civil life.

Criticism has been made of the fact that this same principle has not been applied to the call for men for medical service. Since the majority of licensed physicians are over draft age, we have resorted to the old volunteer system to supply the medical and surgical needs of our new army. To this appeal for volunteers the medical profession has responded loyally and unselfishly. Criticism has come, not because the doctors have not responded, but from the fact that the volunteer system has put an unfair burden on certain communities, a burden which might have been lessened if the same principle of selective service had been applied to medical men which has been applied to those of military age.

Whether or not this criticism is completely justified, there does appear to be an injustice and a waste of good material within the field of the selective draft itself which have been, so far as we have seen, ignored. We refer to the drafting of medical students not yet licensed as practitioners to serve in the ranks of the new army.

When the war broke out, many of these men took under advisement the question of volunteering for service. They were told in many instances that they should continue their work in the medical school, for the training they would receive would be of more value to the country than any purely military service which they would be likely to render.

Now many of these young men have been drafted for service in the new army. They will be among the last to ask exemption. To use these men as private soldiers will be to throw away all the valuable technical education which they have received in a profession which in time of war is as vitally necessary as that of bearing arms.

Though these men are not licensed physicians or surgeons, they are infinitely better prepared for first aid and hospital work than the majority of non-commissioned orderlies in the medical corps. If they are put at this work, their training and experience will be conserved for the use of the country both in time of war and in time of peace. The way is still open for establishing a real selective service of our medical students and of other men technically trained.

A MAN'S CHANCES IN WAR

To some whose sons or brothers or friends are drafted for service in the new National Army the summons to the colors may seem almost like a sentence to death. It is nothing of the sort. Most of the men who will go to war from America will, if figures can be trusted, come back, not only alive, but in better physical condition than they were in when they went. Of course the risk these men will run is greater in war than in times of peace in ordinary civil life; but it is not so great as to cause despondency.

Figures of the losses in war are not easy to obtain, but they are known with sufficient approach to accuracy to enable some general conclusions to be drawn. Babson's Statistical Organi-

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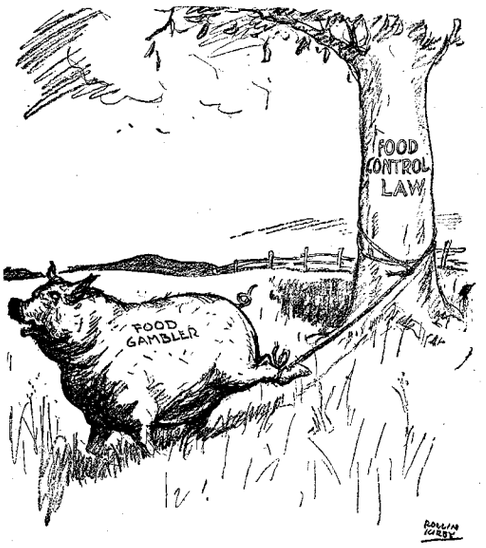
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cesare in the New York Evening Post

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

IT IS THE NEW YORK MUNICIPAL BUILDING AND CITY HALL THAT TAMMANY WANTS TO OWN

Kirby in the New York World



AT THE END OF HIS ROPE

Stinson in the Dayton (Ohio) News

"LET 'ER RAIN; I'M ALMOST THROUGH!"

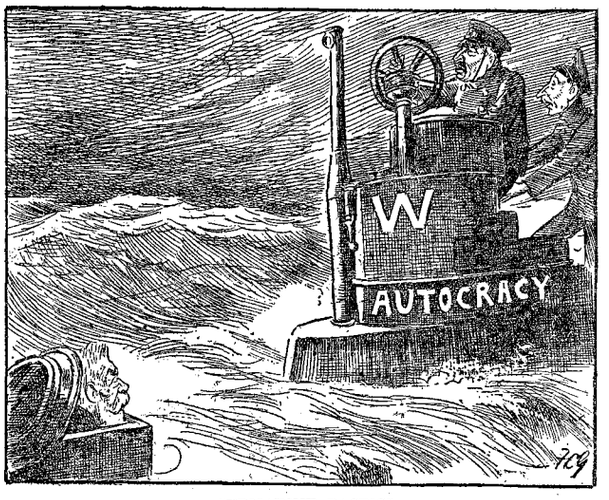
THE FOOD SPECULATORS AND THE FOOD BILL

Thomas in the Detroit News

DON'T FORGET, SON, THIS COUNTRY IS ONE OF YOUR DEPENDENTS

SOMETHING FOR THOSE WHO ARE SUMMONED BY THE EXEMPTION BOARDS TO REMEMBER

From the Westminster Gazette (London)



SUBMARINE TACTICS

Kaiser: "I think we'd better submerge, Willie?"
Willie: "All right, father! We needn't go down very far, and then we can slip up again when the weather's cleared a bit!"

THE HOHENZOLLERN DYNASTY IS FEELING INSECURE

Hatfield in the Passing Show (London)

Short-Sighted Old Lady: "Good-morning, Mr. Smith, and how's your allotment progressing?"

Rehse in the New York World

"Say, von Speck, vot you tink anyway? How long you believe dis var lasts?"
"Vell, two years ago I saidt idt vould last shust a couple years more, undt I shtill tink it vill."

NON-COMBATANTS—RURAL ENGLAND AND URBAN AMERICA

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zation, which issues weekly reports for merchants, bankers, and investors, has gathered statistics that should reassure some whose hearts are now gripped with fear. That organization understands that about one hundred and fifty men out of a thousand are wounded and about sixty men out of every thousand are killed. This is not a high proportion. It is well known that the mortality is less now than at the beginning of the war.

One great cause for losses in wars of other times was disease. This has been very greatly reduced. "Some claim," says the report from Babson's Statistical Organization, "that a man at the front to-day is less liable to disease than if at home working in a city." The report refers to the improvement in handling gas and other hideous forms of attack, and says that "men who are sensible and careful can well protect themselves against these things." The real danger to men, of course, comes during charges. Wounds received at other times are, for the most part, "in the arm and shoulder, which can be easily healed, or in the skull. The skull wounds are naturally serious." Except for the one or more days a month when it is his turn to charge, a man at the front "is, statistically, almost as well off as in the streets of New York."

Opinion as to the duration of the war is, of course, more speculative than conclusions drawn as to risks in war; but Babson's Organization has an opinion on this subject, too, as follows: "We see no reason for Germany to stop until we are actually in Europe with self-supporting bases, prepared to strike hard; but we see every reason why Germany should be anxious to settle with us at that time, before we do strike." If this proves true, whatever the experience of our Regular Army men and of the men of the National Guard may be, the men who are now being drafted may possibly not see much hard fighting, and, even if they do, "statistics are very much in their favor, and conditions are improving."

It would be cruel to arouse false hopes; but it is not a false hope to see a reasonable chance for a safe return on the part of men who are going to fight our battle for democracy and liberty.

WAR LOSSES ON LAND AND SEA

The publication of figures relating to French losses made public by M. Tardieu, France's High Commissioner to this country, have aroused a new discussion of the relative military losses of the combatants. Applying to known facts of mobilization the percentages named by M. Tardieu, the military critic of the New York "Times" finds that the French loss (killed, missing, and prisoners, but excluding wounded) at Verdun in the last half of 1916 was only 65,000, and ascribes this to the splendid artillery preparation of the French army. He puts the total war loss of France in killed, missing, and prisoners as approximately 612,000, while the German corresponding losses are put at 1,480,000. The total French loss from the beginning of the war to January 1, last (including wounded, and with an allowance of fifty per cent for wounded who returned to the colors), is put at 1,500,000. The German loss for the same time and on the same basis is known to be nearly double this.

The general conclusion drawn by this critic from a comparison of M. Tardieu's statement with other facts is definite:

> The Allies have at least 4,000,000 men on the western front, and it is almost positive that, although the Germans have not more than 2,500,000, the actual losses of the latter are greater than those of the Entente. This does not mean that the end is in sight. Far from it. It does mean, however, that there can be but one outcome, although that outcome may be long drawn out. It means, too, that in each blow delivered by the Allies Germany will suffer more than the attacking troops, and that the disproportion in numbers which now exists will become greater and not less.

But, say the Germans, the war cannot be prolonged indefinitely; the submarine will end it by destroying commerce and making transportation impossible. In support of this view they declare that more submarines are being built in Germany than are destroyed, and that while of late the average number of British ships sunk weekly is a little smaller than it was in April, the number of large vessels (over 1,600 tons) has increased.

They might add that the number of barbarous acts by German submarines has increased. The attacks on hospital ships have been so numerous that it is wiser for them not to display the Red Cross emblems—the reason being that it is safer for a submarine to attack an unarmed than an armed ship, and that every ton sunk counts in the total!

The latest and most atrocious act is that which followed the sinking of the Belgian Prince, when, the reports state, thirty-eight of the crew were taken off from the ship onto the deck of the submarine, their life preservers were removed and the crew then deliberately drowned by the submerging of the submarine. If this was a case of individual guilt, it certainly behooves the German Government to try the guilty on a charge of murder.

But, apart from atrocities, is the submarine danger incapable of being met? It is not to be believed for a minute that British and American courage and capacity will prove unequal to the situation. The opinion is constantly growing stronger that the submarine war must be carried into the submarines' country; that their sea bases must be attacked by battle-planes backed by battle-ships; that attack must be met by attack and the sea pirates destroyed in their lairs or as they leave them. What can be done in this country in building ships to take the place of ships destroyed must be done and will be done. But here, as in other fields of war, the true defensive is the offensive. To this end resolute leaders and wise planners are needed in Washington as well as in London. No personal feeling must stand in the way of having at the head of our Navy Department the best-equipped man in the country for pushing this vital matter to a conclusion. Our commerce, our transports, our rights to the high seas, are exactly as much involved as are Great Britain's

THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE: A FOREORDAINED FAILURE

If the proposed International Socialist Conference at Stockholm takes place at all, it seems doomed to have neither influence nor power. Mr. Lloyd George, in discussing the resignation of Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labor leader, from the War Cabinet, in which he was a Minister without portfolio, stated flatly that the United States and the French, Italian, and British Governments had all reached the same conclusion—not to allow delegates to go to Stockholm. Moreover, even if the British Government allowed delegates to attend, the British National Seamen's Union has indicated that it would repeat its former action and strike rather than aid in carrying delegates.

The action of the British Labor Conference and that of the French Socialist Conference in voting to send delegates to Stockholm were based on misapprehension of the facts. Mr. Henderson allowed the British Conference to believe that the present Russian Government heartily approved of the Stockholm plan and was almost ready to give it official sanction. This was not the fact, and Mr. Henderson knew it. Not all the involved explanation of his reply in Parliament to Mr. Lloyd George's scathing letter accepting Mr. Henderson's forced resignation can wipe away this fact, nor clear him from the imputation of double dealing, for he allowed his fellow Cabinet members to suppose that he would speak at the Labor Conference in opposition to the action he actually favored. As to the French action, no sooner had M. Thomas, Labor leader and Socialist Minister, announced that the French delegates would urge the Stockholm Conference to fix the responsibility for the war, than the German Socialist papers with one accord declared that plan impossible and unthinkable.

The English Prime Minister, in his speech in Parliament replying to Mr. Henderson, expressed the situation in a single sentence: "I believe the Labor party, with the exception of an insignificant minority, are as determined to-day as ever not to allow the gigantic sacrifices of our allies and of ourselves to be thrown away and not to sheath the sword until we see our way to the attainment of a satisfying and enduring peace."

A Labor leader and Member of Parliament who more truly represents London's industrial class than Mr. Henderson is Will Crooks, who stands for East London. In an article in an English paper (quoted in the New York "Sun" of August 11, and well worth reading in full) Mr. Crooks says:

> We are fighting for liberty and for our homes. . . . The great thing that concerns us now is the war. . . . This war is every-

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body's business, workman and aristocrat alike. Everybody must help, and every class is helping. We are going to see this thing through. And we are willing to sacrifice everything.

THE ATTACK ON MR. ROOT'S PARTY IN RUSSIA

We recently referred to a press despatch from Tokyo which summarized very briefly an account of an attempt by Russian Anarchists to destroy the train upon which Mr. Elihu Root and members of his Mission were passing through Siberia on their return to this country.

The account came from Mrs. Gregory Mason, the wife of The Outlook's Staff Correspondent in Russia. Mrs. Mason had just reached Japan on her way from Russia. The full account appeared in the "Japan Advertiser" of July 27, and a copy of it has just reached us from Mr. Mason.

The story is a thrilling one, and it is particularly noteworthy that in it Mrs. Mason twice definitely states that German agents as well as Russian Anarchists were concerned in the attempts—for there were two. The first resulted in the burning of a bridge across the river Tchetsa, at Viatka. The act was wrongly timed, and only for this reason, says Mrs. Mason, did the train carrying the American Mission escape being dashed into the river. Thus baffled, "the Anarchists and German spies" fired railway cars and rolled them toward the train carrying the Root party. The train was obliged to back five miles away in order to reach safety. Mrs. Mason was crossing Siberia in a train following the Root special train, and reached the spot at this critical point. She says that Mr. Root, Mr. Russell, and Major Stanley Washburn all displayed the utmost coolness, even though a crowd of ill-disposed persons used abusive and hostile language. A freight storehouse and several empty passenger trains were destroyed and a number of Anarchistic soldiers and workmen pushed blazing cars down the tracks in an effort to destroy the Root train. Finally the train proceeded over a new stone bridge which was being completed to take the place of the wooden bridge which had been burned.

The whole account is a stirring narrative, and significant as showing the dangerous, confused condition of affairs in Russia.

AMATEUR WIRELESS OPERATORS

At the outbreak of the war the Government wisely ordered the dismantling of all amateur wireless outfits for the transmission of messages. There have been many who felt, however, that while it was wise to stop the sending of wireless messages by amateurs, the Government could very well utilize the services of the army of amateur wireless operators of the country in the detection of spies. In a recent interview in the New York "World," Mr. Louis Gerard Pacent, one of the organizers of the Radio Club of America and a member of the Committee on National Defense of the Institute of Radio Engineers, lends his support to this proposal. Mr. Pacent says:

> There is scarcely any doubt that wireless messages are being sent regularly to Germany from spies in this country and in Mexico or South America. It is quite simple to send such messages undetected by the Government's listeners. All that is necessary is one powerful sending station using great wave lengths, and several small sending stations using undamped short wave lengths. The latter would relay the messages to the former, and this would send them across the Atlantic.

Mr. Pacent believes that there are more than one hundred thousand skilled amateur operators in the country who could be organized to "listen in" on wireless messages of short and very long wave lengths which are not now caught by the Government stations. This army of operators, properly organized, could secure a complete record of every message sent from and received in America. By the aid of such men it would be entirely possible to detect the relaying of code messages across the continent and to determine the location of their senders. Not only would the organization of amateur wireless operators assist in the detection of spies, but it would serve to develop a reserve of experts for the use of our air service, our artillery, and our ships.

The proposal is one which deserves serious consideration. The cost of organizing the loyal amateur wireless operators of the country would appear to be negligible in view of the benefits to be derived from such a plan.

A BALANCE-SHEET

THREE years ago Germany began this war for the conquest of Middle Europe. What has she gained? What has this gain cost her?

She has gained by her arms the territories of Belgium, Luxemburg, Serbia, a small but rich section of northern France, and parts of Lithuania, Poland, and Rumania—a total of a little less than 204,000 square miles.

She has lost:

Except for an insignificant corner in southern Africa all her colonies, over a million square miles.

Practically all her shipping not bottled up in Bremen and Hamburg, a loss estimated in tonnage as 3,600,000.

Of the flower of her youth, over 2,000,000.

In cash, nearly $20,000,000,000 to be added to her national debt.

Before the war, though unpopular as a people, Germany was honored among all nations for her intellectual scholarship and her industrial efficiency. She has lost irretrievably this respect and won in its place the mingled hatred and contempt of the civilized world. Scarcely a considerable neutral nation is left except those whose safety compels their neutrality.

No one thinks Germany can retain her gains. No one imagines that she can recover her losses. It is not strange that some of the German people are seriously discussing among themselves the question whether it is not time to change their business managers.

THE POPE'S PROPOSAL OF PEACE

Though no official text has appeared as this issue of The Outlook goes to press, despatches apparently based on authentic information have told the world that Pope Benedict has delivered to all the belligerent Governments proposals of peace. The comment that we here make must be regarded as applicable to the official statement only as that coincides with the unofficial despatches.

If these unofficial despatches can be trusted, the Pope has addressed to the nations at war an appeal to cease hostilities, and has proposed the restoration of Belgium, Serbia, and Rumania; the submission to peaceful negotiation of the questions of Alsace-Lorraine, Trent, Trieste, and Poland; the restoration to Germany of her colonies in exchange for the occupied regions of France; no annexations and no indemnities except in special cases, such as Belgium and Serbia; the freedom of the seas, disarmament, and the formation of a supreme court of arbitration for the settlement of future international disputes.

For three years the Vatican has watched the world war as a neutral. The power of the Church of Rome has either been too feeble or has been in the hands of prelates indisposed to put any restraint upon the barbarity of those men who have planned and executed such crimes as the invasion of Belgium, the terrorizing of civil populations, the murder of women and children on the high seas by acts of piracy, the slaughter of the Armenians, and the avowed disregard for moral law as superior to the will or the alleged necessities of a predatory state. Now that the men who have planned and directed these acts have been foiled of their purpose and have shown signs of willingness to make terms, provided they are not punished for their enormities or prevented from planning new enormities, it is not strange that proposals of a compromise coming from the Church of Rome should be received by the enemies of Germany without enthusiasm.

So far as the preliminary descriptions of those proposals indicate, there is nothing in the list of peace terms which might not have emanated from a German or Austrian source. Indeed, according to a despatch printed in the New York "Sun," the peace proposals are regarded in Government circles in London "as a relayed message from Berlin." It is supposed by some that Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, has been pro-German in his sympathies if not in his active service. It is also well known that the Vatican has been on especially intimate terms with Austria. There is nothing essentially incredible in the supposition that these peace proposals have been suggested by Germany and Austria, in order to let the world know that

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they are ready to stop fighting if they can be allowed to resume the position that they had at the beginning of the war, and to weaken their opponents, if possible, by the injection of a new occasion for discussion and possible dissension. If this is Germany's object, we believe that it is likely to fail.

Even if, however, these proposals do not come from Germany or Austria, but are the result of the Pope's own thinking on the subject of the war, they will be regarded with the respect due to their author, but they can hardly be regarded with anything more than that. When the Pope speaks of the restoration of Belgium and Serbia, we and our allies should be told what he means by that. If he means merely the evacuation of those territories by Germany and her allies, we should not be willing to consider that as a basis of peace at all. Restoration, to be adequate, must be approximately commensurate with the wanton damage wickedly inflicted. When the Pope proposes that Alsace-Lorraine, Trent, Trieste, and Poland be submitted to peaceful negotiations, we and our allies should be told with whom the Pope proposes that we negotiate. If he proposes that we negotiate on these or any other subjects with the German Government, that has been faithless from first to last, that regards treaties as scraps of paper, that has been treacherous not only as an enemy but even as a pretended friend, that engaged in amiable talk with this country, whose citizens she was at the same time murdering and whose territory she was at the same time plotting to dismember; if the Pope proposes that we accept this German Government, this Prussian state, this double dealer, this moral bankrupt, as a worthy member of a group of conferees, we ought to reject the Pope's proposal in such terms as to insure against its repetition. And if, in suggesting the restoration to Germany of the colonies which the Allies have taken from her, he proposes to turn back helpless and defenseless people to German rule, we should reject that proposal, for we have no right to surrender those people to a nation that has shown her brutal and evil disregard of helpless and defenseless people in Belgium, in Serbia, in Rumania, and in Poland.

Whatever the Pope may have in mind when he speaks of freedom of the seas, of disarmament, and of the establishment of a court of arbitration for the settlement of future international disputes, nothing of the sort can be established until Germany, which has tried by its submarines to destroy the freedom of the seas, which has been the chief builder of armaments, and which has flouted the one practical suggestion for submitting the issues of this war to an international tribunal, has been disarmed and rendered powerless to repeat her offenses.

When the Roman Catholic Church excommunicates an offender, she declines to restore him to his status in the Church until he is repentant and proves his repentance by acts of penitence. Germany has been excommunicated by the whole civilized world. Until she is repentant and has proved her repentance by acts of full restoration, repudiating in every particular the policies which she has maintained by arms and for which she has attempted to impose her will on others, she cannot be restored to the family of nations; and no proposal, whether from the Church of Rome or from any other source, ought to be considered which does not put in the first place repentance and restitution.

THE FOOD CONTROL BILL

The Food Control Bill has been passed and is now a Federal law. Mr. H. C. Hoover has been appointed as Food Administrator and has issued two statements which can be regarded as official interpretations of the plans and purposes of the Administration in the matter of food control. Our report of this announced policy falls naturally under three heads.

Reasons for Food Control. Present conditions have made inoperative those commercial forces which ordinarily control the ebb and flow of commerce and the consequent prices of food products. The Allied Governments have placed the whole purchase of their supplies in the hands of one buyer, and the European neutrals are also buying their wheat through single government agents. Competition between foreign buyers no longer operates to affect prices. Ordinarily American wheat is exported in the fall. This year the shortage of shipping requires the distribution of exports throughout the year, increasing the necessity for warehouse storage. The demand for wheat abroad has increased, but at the same time the means of transporting it are lessened. Before the war we exported 80,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum. This year we ought to find for our allies 225,000,000 bushels. These considerations have entirely destroyed for the time being the normal price-making machinery, and made necessary Government action to stabilize prices and prevent speculation, disastrous alike to ourselves and to our foreign comrades in this war.

Methods of Food Control. To meet these abnormal conditions the Government has given Mr. Hoover large powers of control over food production and exportation, and those powers he proposes to use. All elevators and mills of over one hundred barrels daily capacity will be required to take out a Government license, to make only reasonable charges for warehouse service, and to store no wheat for more than thirty days without the approval of the Food Administration. Agencies for the purchase of our wheat at the principal terminals will be opened by the Government, which is prepared to take the whole harvest, if necessary, in order to maintain a fair price, and to resell wheat for export only in such quantities as we can afford to part with while protecting our own people. A committee will be appointed under the chairmanship of President Garfield, of Williams College, whose duty it will be to determine a fair price for the harvest of this fall. The Administration promises to prosecute under the Food Control Act the holding of wheat or flour contracts by persons not engaged in the trade, or even by persons in the trade in larger quantities than are necessary for the ordinary course of their business. Mr. Hoover does not, however, wholly depend on these compulsory powers with which he is intrusted. He holds them in reserve to be employed if necessary. He has secured the co-operation of the leading millers of the country, who for that purpose have organized a committee to represent the entire trade. He will seek, with their co-operation, to export flour instead of wheat, as far as possible, and thus retain the employment of our mills and prevent the curtailment of the supply of feed for our dairy cattle. And he asks the co-operation of the hotels and the homes in the endeavor to secure the greatest practical economies in consumption, and for this purpose declares his intention to "invite all classes and all trades to sign a volunteer pledge to co-operate with us in the undertaking, and so become as much members of the Food Administration as we ourselves are." His request to householders is so brief, so clear, and so vital that we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers:

> Because of the shortage of shipping only the most concentrated of foods, wheat, grain, beef, pork, and dairy products and sugar, can be sent across the seas. Fortunately, we have for our own use a superabundance of foodstuffs of other kinds—the perishables, fish, corn, and other cereals—and surely our first manifest duty is to substitute these for those other products which are of greater use to our fellow-fighters. Our second duty is to eliminate wastes to the last degree. Seventy per cent of our people are well known to be as thrifty and careful as any in the world, and they consume but little or no more than is necessary to maintain their physical strength.

Co-operation versus Compulsion. There is a great difference between the act of an imperial government prescribing the amount of food which its citizens may purchase and consume, requiring them to obtain tickets of the government in order to get the food they require from the markets, the hotels, and the restaurants, and the act of a government in inviting the co-operation of all its citizens in a policy of regulation and retrenchment for the purpose of equalizing prices and promoting the successful prosecution of the war. The first is the German policy, the second is the American policy. If Mr. Hoover uses the powers which are conferred upon him by the methods and in the spirit foreshadowed by his official declaration, the country has no occasion to share in the fears of Senator Reed, of Missouri, that the liberty of the people will be destroyed by the despotic power of a centralized government. It is quite safe to say that of the 100,000,000 people in the United States 99,990,000 will welcome any action of the Government which will put an end to speculation in food

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products. We do not think that there are 10,000 people in the United States who even believe that they profit by the irresponsible and unregulated food speculation which produces, particularly at a time of exigency like the present, disastrous results upon practically all the rest of the people. Most of us would rather see our food supplies and prices under the control of a Government which we can ourselves control than under the control of an irresponsible and unscrupulous ring over which we can exercise no control whatever. We hope and we believe that the great majority of the American people will cordially cooperate with Mr. Hoover in his patriotic efforts. We cannot quite agree with him in thinking that seventy per cent of our population are well known to be as thrifty and careful as any in the world. If this war experience makes us so, if it compels us to adopt habits of wise economy and to substitute a reasonable amount of self-denial for an unreasonable amount of careless self-indulgence, we shall have gained one invaluable lesson in the hard school of experience.

THE TAMMANY BRAND OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

In less than three months New York City will choose its government for four years to follow. That city is one of the most complex democracies of the world. It is more than a city. Its population is larger than that of the Kingdom of Denmark and is nearly three-quarters as large as that of the Dominion of Canada. And whole areas of the city are foreign in population. In New York are focused most of the human problems of the world. This is the community that is to determine on the 6th of next November for the next four years what kind of government it will have.

And New York is one of the richest regions of the world. There wealth is concentrated as it is in hardly any other place.

For the government of that great city two forces are contending. The issue in the coming municipal election is ultimately a very simple one. It is the choice between those two forces. On the one hand is the force that would administer that government for the benefit of the governed. On the other hand is the force that would administer that government for the benefit of the governors.

One of these forces has been administering the government for the past three and a half years, and in that time it has administered every administrative department of the city government in the interest of the people of the city. The other force has been prevailingly dominant in the city's affairs during the larger part of the history of the Republic. There has been no pretense about Tammany Hall. It has been cynically frank in its theories of government. Tweed was an open looter of the city. Croker candidly confessed, before the Mazet Investigating Committee, that he was in politics for the sake of his pocket all of the time. Of late years, however, Tammany has found its frank cynicism too damaging. It has sought respectability. It is seeking respectability this year. And it is making a bid for power on a platform of "municipal ownership."

It ought not to be possible for men of good reputation to lend their names to Tammany's programme of ambition. It ought not to be conceivable that Mayor Mitchel's administration, unqualifiedly the best administration that the city has ever had, should be repudiated at the polls. There is only one kind of municipal ownership that Tammany Hall really cares for; it is the type of municipal ownership that is expressed in the cartoon we reprint on another page from the New York "Evening Post"—ownership of the City Hall and the Municipal Building, ownership of the powers of government for the profit and advancement of Tammany politicians, ownership of the means of access to wealth, ownership of the instruments of power to compel rich and poor alike to do Tammany's bidding and receive in return the crumbs from Tammany's table.

This is a critical year for the city of New York. Nowhere in the world has democracy met more dangerous enemies than in the corrupt governments of American cities; and nowhere in the world has it made greater advance than in some of the cities of America, and in no city a greater advance than in New York. While American armies are fighting the battles of democracy abroad the citizens of New York must defend with their ballots the interests of democracy at home.

NOT AS OTHER MEN ARE

Many of those whom we now call by the general name of "pacifists" bear a strong family resemblance to the Pharisee who thanked God that he was "not as other men are."

The likeness is strongest among those pacifists who appear to believe that their fellow-mortals should reverence them as choice spirits set apart from the world of the flesh in order that the light of civilization, kept burning in the sanctuary of their minds, may be preserved for future restoration to a repentant earth clothed in sackcloth and ashes.

The attitude of these pacifists can be justly compared to those Sunday Christians who do not want their religion contaminated by the affairs of ordinary life. It not infrequently happens that these same pacifists admit the present necessity of the acts which they profess to condemn, but still they stoutly assert that they—by refusing to take part in these acts—have thereby placed themselves on a higher moral plane than those who are facing the facts and the responsibilities of the world in which they happen to live.

Such advocates of segregated virtue will hardly be permitted to claim the title of super-moralists. The rest of the civilized world, faced with the grim task of repelling the murderous invasion of the Central Powers, will not be any too ready to recognize the superiority of those who have been called the "self-anointed of the Lord."

It is a curious fact that these pacifists, attempting to find justification for their views in the tenets of Christianity, have been the last to protest against the outrages done to those in whom they had no direct interest. Like the priest and the Levite, they have "passed by on the other side" of murdered Belgium.

Had they been in the Temple at Jerusalem on a certain historic occasion, it is easy to picture them saying, "Yes, we admit that the money-changers should be driven out; but why should You soil your hands with such work? You are meant for higher things than the combating of present evils with force."

What would they have found to say to the Christ who told a Roman centurion, "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel"—without any qualifying remarks concerning the nefariousness of his profession?

NEUTRAL AID TO GERMANY

GERMANY'S neutral neighbors are Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland. Trade between Germany and these countries has always been large, for what one side has the other needs. Holland, for instance, depends almost wholly on Germany for coal. In return, Holland exports cattle, butter, cheese.

For grain, also, Holland depends almost wholly on the outside world. She produces hardly a fifth of the grain needed by her population and live stock. She gets it generally from Russia, Rumania, Hungary, Argentina, and the United States. War prevents her getting any from Russia, Rumania, and Hungary, and the Argentine Government has prevented grain export. Unless Holland can get grain from us, the Dutch say they will starve.

Of course no one in America wants the Dutch to starve. But when we have sent them grain they have probably re-exported some at very profitable prices. They say they are re-exporting none now. But our grain may release their own for export. And even if that is not the case, the present condition is bad enough. *We are sending supplies to countries that send to Germany similar or corresponding supplies.*

Suppose the foodstuffs from America to Holland, for instance,

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are exclusively used for the Dutch population and farm stock; are we not really exporting our grain to Germany just the same if Holland, after using it to feed live stock, exports the live stock to Germany? That is what has been called exporting "grain on four legs." Germany thus obtains food from the United States. That this is so is tacitly admitted by the "Gazette de Hollande" of The Hague, which states that, "should our imports of fodder be stopped or further restricted, the inevitable result would be a big exportation of cattle on a wholesale scale, which is undesirable from the Allies' point of view."

On the other hand, writing to The Outlook, Mr. J. W. W. MacDonald, of the Nederlandsche Overzee Trustmaatschappij, or the Dutch Oversea Trust Company, protests that the Dutch Government buys all the grain shipped to Holland from abroad, has it ground by Dutch millers, distributes it under rigid control to Dutch bakers, and rations it at two-thirds a pound daily per head of population. This, as he adds, is less than a laborer or a growing boy needs. Moreover, we would note, the Dutch population now includes thousands of interned soldiers and very many more Belgian refugees. It is impossible to import enough grain to fill even this requirement, affirms Mr. MacDonald.

Doubtless, as Mr. MacDonald contends, "few Americans realize the delicate and difficult position of Holland during the war. . . . Holland does not ask for charity; she asks for fair treatment. Surely America will accord her no less."

Our Government, having taken up the burden of the British blockade, to be enforced by controlling supplies at their source, can now realize the British position of a year and of two years ago, and have a greater sympathy with it. The British official statements, quoted in The Outlook a year or more ago, showed that some neutrals had abused their trade privileges.

DENMARK

With regard to the Scandinavian Powers the case is equally clear. It was emphasized the other day by a refusal of the application for permission for the clearance of ten ships laden with oil-cake and other fodder consigned to Denmark. Since the war began the exports of cattle fodder to neutral countries has greatly increased. Germany obtained, it is said, tons of fat from cattle fed by the products of America. Some of the fodder given to "neutral" cattle goes indirectly to Germany in the form of meat, fat, milk, butter, and cheese. From all the neutrals Germany, it is said, has obtained meat enough to supply all of her armies for two hundred and seventy-five days.

NORWAY

Norway, which needs many million bushels of our grain, and says she will not permit the shipment of any part of it to Germany, has been supposed to present the simplest case, as, according to the Norwegian Mission now in this country, there have been no exports from Norway to Germany except fish, and this is carried in German ships. And yet we read in the New York "Times:" "Until a few weeks ago Norway was supplying Germany with the nickel used in making the torpedoes by which Germany was sinking Norwegian ships." And to the statement that Norway could only protest against the sinking of 537 ships and the murder of 600 sailors, there are some on this side of the Atlantic, comments the "Times," who think Norway might, and should, have done something more than protest.

SWEDEN

During the past two years, according to the reports from American agents, in addition to pig iron and other war-supply shipments to Germany, Sweden has exported thither a total of some nine million tons of iron ore, all of it of the high grade required in producing fine steel—an amount, it is contended, equal to Sweden's entire pre-war output. As Sweden has supplanted those shipments with similar imports from the United States, our Government has now forbidden the shipment of some twenty-eight hundred tons of pig iron to Sweden.

SWITZERLAND

Special attention was called the other day to the case of Switzerland, when the French Government refused to permit a large shipment to her of American wheat which must needs pass through France. Though Switzerland, like Holland, depends on others for grain, hers is a case apart. Unlike other neutrals, she has no access to the sea, and her neutrality has been peculiarly precious to the Entente Powers. We are not surprised to note in the Swiss papers a proportionate sensitiveness concerning any prospective check to her ability to import what she needs.

AMERICA

What has been our own record with regard to exports in general? Let us take two examples—breadstuffs and cotton.

For the past twelvemonth our exports of breadstuffs have been a fifth more than for the preceding twelvemonth. The imports from us by European neutrals have given cause for anxiety.

Of cotton, which is used not only in clothing but also in the manufacture of explosives, and is therefore greatly needed by Germany, the European neutrals are believed to have taken from us since the war began no less than a hundred million pounds above normal requirements.

Steel and iron products, coal, coke, oils, and fertilizers are also liable to find their way to Germany, and are of particular importance to her. But, whether of less or greater importance, not an ounce of our exports in any form should get into Germany. We do not want to become unpopular with our neutral friends, but we are at war with Germany. Do we want to win the war or not?

Under any circumstances, our first thought must be the supplying of necessaries to our own people and to the people of our allies. Shipments diverted to the neutral peoples are already shortening the supplies needed by us and our allies. And when our friendliness for a neutral people is used to help our enemy, that neutral people becomes for the time the ally of our enemy.

THE EMBARGO

Such a condition deserved drastic treatment long since by our Government, but it did not receive such treatment until a special Embargo Bill was passed by Congress, and on June 15 was signed by the President. That embargo legislation gave more concern to Germany than all the rest of our legislation then pending.

The section empowered the President, when public safety demanded it, to prohibit the export of any commodity to any country, the penalty for violation being not over $10,000 or imprisonment for not over two years, or both. Whenever there is cause to believe that any vessel is about to carry out of the United States any article in violation of the prohibition proclaimed by the President, the Collector of Customs may refuse clearance papers. The President has also created an Exports Council to direct exports, so that they will go first where they are most needed, and temporarily be withheld, if necessary, where they can best be spared. By the exercise of these powers Mr. Wilson can control all of the exports from this country.

This policy is to be further pursued by a system of export licenses. Our agents abroad are charged with keeping the Government informed of the movement of our exports after they reach foreign shores. To this end agents have been stationed in the neutral countries to see that no supplies imported from America, or their equivalent, go to the enemy.

Doubtless the neutrals will object to some of this prohibition and supervision. Some of them have already sent missions here to emphasize their objection. To all our reply should be: If you want to get the benefits of neutrality, then take the limitations of neutrality. But do not ask us to let you feed our enemies. If you want to feed them, you may do so only from your own amplitude, not from ours.

Our action may make the neutrals' position still more uncomfortable, even threatening them with the perils of a German invasion. But let them reflect that their position is far from being as uncomfortable as that of Belgium has been. Until it is as uncomfortable, have they much real right to complain? Has not Belgium been fighting the fight for them as well as for herself?

In all the history of America's Presidents we find no precedent for the power Mr. Wilson now enjoys. But we also find no precedent for the present trade exigency. The power granted is potentially more far-reaching than as relates merely to the actual economic matter in hand; it is also political. May it hasten the day when certain states, still neutral, will join the Powers arrayed on the side of democracy and freedom!

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GERMAN CARTOONS ON AMERICA

AN EXHIBITION OF IGNORANCE AND CONTEMPT

From Kladderadatsch

(IDENTICAL WAR AIMS)

Das gleiche Kriegsziel

Die ganze Welt, sie soll es heute hören,
Das gleiche Kriegsziel strahlt aus hehrer Höh'!
Wir halten treu zusammen, und wir schwören
Auf das gemeinschaftliche Portemonnaie!

(The whole wide world shall hear to-day
The same high purpose points our way!
And plight for better or for worse
Our faith upon this common purse.)

From Simplicissimus

(BY THE GRACE OF MAMMON)

Von Mammons Gnaden

Die Hochfinanz krönt Wilson zum Selbstherrscher Amerikas.

(High Finance crowns Wilson as Autocrat of America)

THROUGH the London correspondent of the Vigilantes, Mr. Frederic William Wile, author of "Men Around the Kaiser" and of the article on "The People and the Kriegspartei," published in The Outlook a month after the outbreak of the war, we have received a group of cartoons which have been printed in German papers in recent months.

Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, of the Vigilantes, whose article on "The Menace of the German-Language Press" was published in last week's issue of The Outlook, has translated the rhymed captions of some of these cartoons into English verse. German verse even of the newspaper variety has a terseness and force which it is difficult to imitate in a foreign tongue. We publish the German verses together with Mr. Hagedorn's translation in order that our readers may see how well he has caught the spirit and sense of the original.

These cartoons from the leading German weeklies will repay more than a casual study, for they reflect an attitude towards America which must influence largely any expectation which we may have of convincing Germany of the justice of our aims in entering the war and of our moral reprobation of her acts.

Before we are in a position to discuss with Germany the issues of the war she must be in a position to respect either the power of the United States or its aims, or both. The whole course of Germany since the outbreak of the world war is conclusive proof that at present she respects neither. The cartoons which we publish on these pages supply evidence of the truth of this statement.

To judge from these cartoons, Germany regards the United States as the home of sordid commercialism and of bluster and bluff. She even professes to believe that America distrusts and fears its own allies. That the United States can have any other motives in entering the war than a desire to increase its wealth (or, rather, the wealth of a class of industrial autocrats) does not appear to have entered the minds of the German cartoonists whose works we republish. Even the simple fact that the United States by entering the war has renounced a vast share of that profit which it might have amassed with the present sacrifice of only a few lives does not seem to have occurred to the artists responsible for these lampoons.

This contempt both for the power and the motives of America finds its parallel in the interpretation of the motives of our allies recorded in the cartoon called "Protectors" from "Fliegende Blätter." It is a huge joke to "Fliegende Blätter" to find that any one relies on the good faith of treaties and international law. The artist who drew this cartoon can conceive of no loftier reason for the defense which the Belgians have made of their country than a desire to protect their money-bags and those of their allies. German officers and governors responsible for the unheard-of exactions made upon the Belgian people are, of course, in a position to realize the futility and absurdity of attempting such a defense. That the defense failed is doubtless in their eyes ample justification for pointing out the stupidity of attempting it.

Until those responsible for the Imperial policies of Germany

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From Kladderadatsch

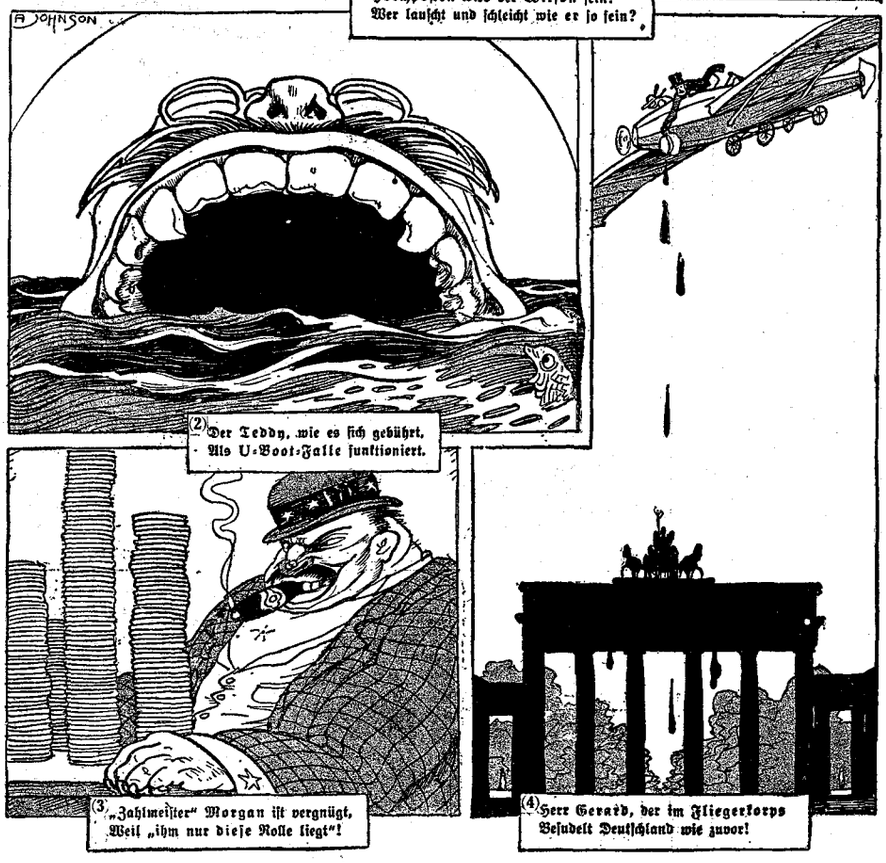
(THE LEADERS OF THE U. S. A. IN THE WAR

From Wilson's Message: "The whole nation must become one army, in which every man must do that for which he is best fitted")

Die Häupter der U. S. A. im Kriege

Aus Wilsons Aufruf: „Die ganze Nation muß eine Truppe sein, in der jeder Mann die Rolle spielen muß, die ihm am besten liegt. — —."

(1) Horchposten wird der Wilson sein!
Wer lauscht und schleicht wie er so fein?



(2) Der Teddy, wie es sich gebührt,
Als U-Boot-Falle funktioniert.

(3) „Zahlmeister" Morgan ist vergnügt,
Weil „ihm nur diese Rolle liegt"!

(4) Herr Gerard, der im Fliegerkorps
Besudelt Deutschland wie zuvor!

(5) So bilden diese, wunderbar,
Nun eine Yankeeheldenschar!

(1) A listening pose would Wilson's be!
Who eavesdrops and who sneaks as he?

(2) Teddy, quite fittingly, mayhap,
Officiates as U-boat trap.

(3) Paymaster Morgan, see, is most elated.
This is the only "rôle" for which he's slated.

(4) Mr. Gerard, up in the airplane,
Is throwing mud at Germany again!

(5) Now therefore these—O glorious boast!
Make up the Yankees' hero-host!

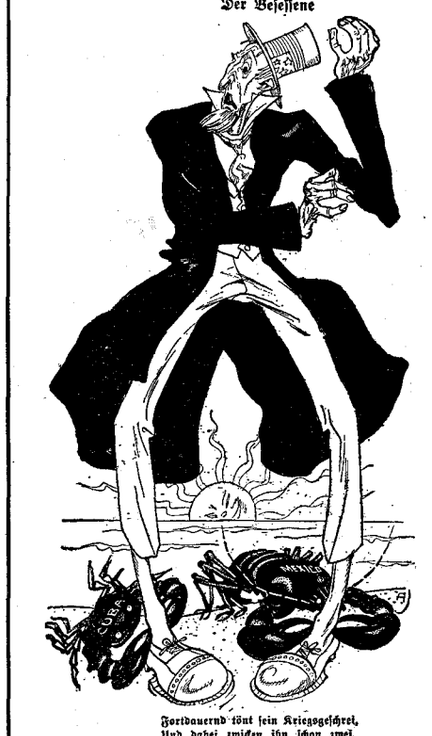
From Kladderadatsch

(Wilson tries in vain to hatch something sensible out of the egg of Columbus)

From Kladderadatsch

(THE CRAZY MAN)

Der Besessene



Fortdauernd tönt sein Kriegsgeschrei,
Und dabei zwicken ihn schon zwei.

(His yawp for war is long and steady—
And two are nipping him already!)

From Fliegende Blätter

Auf dem Kriegspfade.
Wilson bemalt sich mit der Kriegsfarbe

(On the war-path. Wilson puts on the war-paint)

From Fliegende Blätter

(PROTECTORS)

Beschützer.

Einer, der beschützt worden ist von einem, der beschützt wurde von einem, der beschützt wird von einem, der beschützt werden wird.

(Somebody, who has been protected by somebody, who was protected by somebody, who will be protected)

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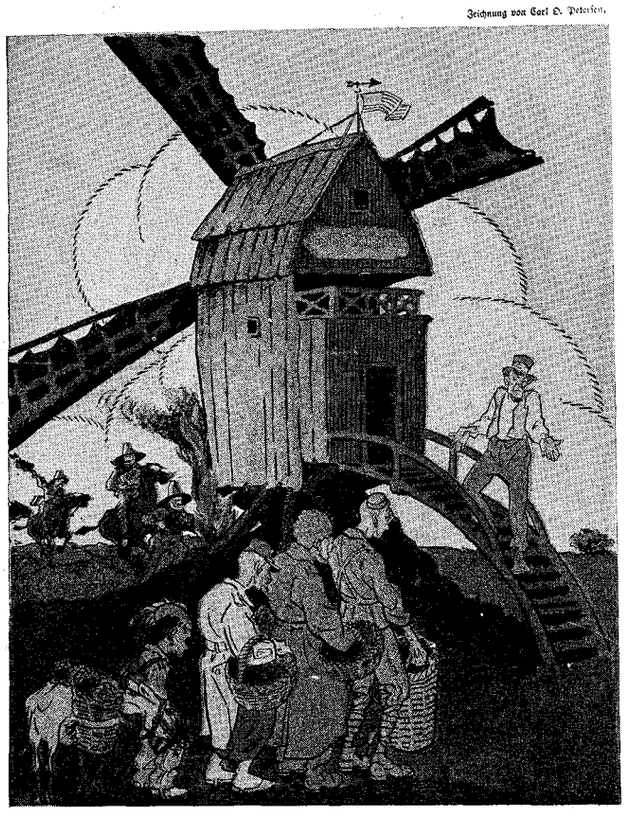
are convinced that there are other motives in this world than those derived from immediate material advantage, and until the people whom they control awaken to a realization of the distortion in the picture of the outside world which has been painted for them by their rulers, there is little hope of receiving from Germany cartoons which manifest a different spirit from those which we publish here. Perhaps after Germany has learned to respect us she may then begin to understand us. A permanent peace can never be founded on anything less than respect and understanding.

From Lustige Blätter



Die amerikanische Pulvermühle.
Der betrübte Müller: „Erstens hab' ich nichts und zweitens brauch' ich's selber!"

(THE AMERICAN POWDER MILL

The Unhappy Miller: "In the first place I haven't got any, and in the second place I need it myself!")

From Lustige Blätter

Uncle Sam rüstet!
„Wenn mir bloß der verdammte Schatten da drüben nicht jede Bewegung nachmachen wollte!"

(UNCLE SAM ARMS!

"If only that confounded shadow over there wouldn't imitate my every movement!")

THE CHURCH IN ACTION IN THE ARMY CAMPS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THIS that was once a fair grounds is now a mobilization camp. It is a place accustomed to crowds, but an unusual crowd fills it now—of men bound on a great and grim questing. You can hear sharp cries about the grounds, but no longer are they those of the vender of "pop" or of peanuts, but of a stern-faced youth who wears the chevrons of a sergeant and who drills his charges on the badly trampled grass where once stood the tent of the bearded lady. The track, where the speediest trotters of the land contested for big purses, now witnesses the efforts of khaki-clad chauffeurs to gain that mastery of motors which will enable them by and by to pilot their loads of broken men among shell craters and twisted entanglements, with all lights out and only the flicker of the star shell to show the way. For this is the camp of the United States Automobile Ambulance Corps, or the "Usaacs," if you please. They are training for a most perilous service, for when the battle-line moves out the automobile ambulance follows close behind. And because an ambulance is bigger than a man, and therefore easier to hit, and also because of the peculiar bent for brutality that possesses the German mind, the Ambulance Corps suffers terribly. Perhaps it is because, like Sir Galahad, they prefer the siege perilous to a safer place, or perhaps because the most straining task demands the finest material, for one reason or the other, or perhaps both, the Corps is made up of as fine men as are found in all the Army. "The very finest body of troops I have ever seen in one place," is the verdict of the grizzled Regular Army man in command. Eighty per cent of them are college men, and there are units here from the University of Maine to the University of Florida, and from Washington State to Leland Stanford. The officers are all medical men, from big specialists who have forgotten remunerative practices for their country's sake to youthful interns just out of hospital, all eager for their part in the constructive side of war.

At the very heart of the camp stands the big tent of the Young Men's Christian Association. Through it the Church of Jesus Christ ministers to these men. During the week its ministry is a very practical service. Envelopes and paper are freely given for the letters home. Checks are cashed, express parcels are forwarded, entertainments are managed, athletic meets and ball games are promoted, and the busy staff of secretaries find time amid all this maze of "serving tables" to comfort the boy who has not heard from his sweetheart, and who thinks she does not care for him any longer; or to minister to the deeper problems that come in the night when lights are out in the barracks and the recruit lies still and thinks of the home he has left and the perils to

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which he goes and the need he has never felt so keenly until now of a God who is strong and who will care. These must find answer in the day, and to the secretary he goes.

But it is on a Sunday that the real purpose of the Association shines out. For the Young Men's Christian Association is the Christian Church in action, united here as some day it ought to be united everywhere. The tent holds four different congregations in the course of the morning. They are all dressed alike, in the uniform of the American soldier. They all look alike, with the fine, clean-cut features of our American youth. The only thing that differentiates them is the fashion of their worship. They are the same kind of men, in the same place, facing the same kind of need, and being ministered to by the one Church in several forms as the tradition has come from their fathers. This is the "Y. M. C. A. tent" on Sunday.

The day began at 6:30 in the morning, when a priest of the Roman Catholic Church celebrated mass for a crowded throng. The altar was a table, one of the many which served for the writing of letters during the week. The sermon was simple and direct, urging that they should keep themselves pure and live up to the teaching of Jesus and the ideals of their land. The mystery and the awe that one feels in great cathedrals when the clear tones of the altar bell ring down the vaulted aisles and the hushed throng falls on its knees before the lifted Host were just as truly to be felt that morning among those soldier boys in that tent.

At 7:30 the Episcopal rector took his place at the altar that had just been vacated, and the Sacrament after the fashion of Canterbury was offered to those who presented themselves for it in the very place where others had knelt but a little while before to receive it after the fashion of Rome. Nor was this service over and the tent vacated before it filled again with the third congregation, and the venerable Monsignor conducted the second mass of the morning for those who had been unable to attend the first. At ten one of the secretaries conducted a Bible class; and then the fourth congregation began to assemble. This time the minister was a Presbyterian, and his message was the same sort as that which the others had heard earlier in the morning from the lips of the priest.

The final service of the day was held in the twilight. Again it was the Sacrament, this time after the fashion of Geneva. The preacher of the morning was assisted by two pastors from the town, one from a Reformed and the other from a Presbyterian Church. I doubt if any one of these ministers will ever forget that solemn hour. The silver of the sacramental vessels gleamed on the white cloth that covered the same table that had served that day for two other communions. Beyond were the benches, and the lines of faces set and stern, faces that but a few weeks before had been those of

"Careless boys at play,"

but now were men called to a task. One knew of what they were thinking—of the last time they took the Communion in the old church at home in the familiar pew; and one wondered when and where they would take it again, if indeed they would take it again.

The twilight deepened as the service went on, and the silence deepened with it. Once above the murmur of the camp was heard the sound of a distant church bell. The rough boards creaked under the feet of those who bore the bread and wine, but the boys sat very still, just as the others had sat in the morning, until the benediction ended the hour. So under the "big top" of the Young Men's Christian Association Rome and Canterbury and Geneva had achieved the thing of which men had dreamed for centuries, and of which councils had talked, and had come together to serve the deeper needs of the boys who were going forth to serve their country's and the world's need. For first of all and best of all the Army Young Men's Christian Association is the Church in action.

Allentown, Pennsylvania, August 10, 1917. WILLIAM E. BROOKS.

ASIA AFTER THE WAR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

EVENTS are developing so fast and unexpectedly that any prediction about the war has become risky. The Revolution in Russia, for example, has upset all calculations about the after effects of the war. The area involved is every day increasing. From Europe and Asia and Africa the war has come to America, and the whole world is now engaged in the gigantic conflict. The man must be bold indeed who can confidently predict how it is going to end, and how the map of the world is going to be redrawn after it is over.

That the war is going to make great changes in the political, economic, and social conditions of the world, in ethical values, and in moral standards, any fool can see. And it may also be safely said that the idea of democratic control is going to receive a tremendous impetus, and that Asiatic countries will witness momentous changes in their political status. Moreover, that Japan will be the greatest gainer goes without saying. She has made huge profits, and her army and navy are intact. She is building up a merchant marine which, after the havoc caused in the Allied marines by the German U-boats, might easily rank first among the marines of the world. The financial prosperity brought by the war is bound to give an impetus to domestic reform. What has so far stood in the way of domestic reform in Japan was its financial dependence, in the case of war, on foreign countries. The advocates of internal reforms could easily be silenced by the cry of danger from without and the necessity for unity against the foreign peril. With all her rivals weakened by this war, with Russia a republic, with the fear of foreign aggression almost removed, the Japanese reformer will be able to press his demands for internal improvements more effectively than he could before. The proletariat will demand a share in the prosperity brought by the war, and, unless the Japanese Government creates a situation which will necessitate Japanese patriotism being concentrated on the foe outside, it will have to meet popular demands for change at least half-way. The Russian Revolution will also strengthen the hands of Japanese politicians who are opposed to a policy of aggression and annexation in China. With the fear of Russia eliminated, Japan can have no further justification for active and extended interference in China.

China requires time for consolidation and reconstruction, and if the foreign Powers of the world will leave her alone, neither forcing her to take sides in the war nor compelling her to concentrate all her energies on the mere preservation of her national life, she probably will report good progress towards rehabilitation. Every time there is trouble in China it can be directly traced to foreign interference. China is not in a condition to take sides. She ought to be left to herself and allowed a breathing space to rebuild herself. Recent events all but confirm this view.

Coming to India, we find that the war has affected the country immensely. Her contribution in man power was recently fixed at 1,100,000 men—at a meeting of the Indian Legislative Council at Delhi. Her money contribution to England during the war alone approximates $1,000,000,000. This is in addition to the other help which England has had from India in equipment, labor, medical contingents, etc. The movement for the democratization of the government has advanced with rapid strides. All racial, social, religious, and caste differences have been sunk, and the demand for an autonomous form of government has been put forward with a unanimity and force which has compelled attention. A scheme for post-war reforms is said to have been drawn up, though it has not so far seen the light of day. A home defense force is being organized, in which the educated section of the country, hitherto denied enlistment in the army, has been invited to join. An industrial commission has been appointed to make inquiries as how best to develop the home industries. For the first time in the history of British

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rule in India was the latter allowed participation in the deliberations of an Imperial council sitting in London. This participation was in no way on democratic lines, as the delegates were not elected by the people or by the Legislative Councils of India, but nominated by the Government. Their reception in England and at the conference was, however, cordial. Promises of an autonomous form of government in the distant future are no doubt vague and more or less shadowy, but the importance of Indian participation in the Imperial councils of the future has been recognized in principle. A representative ruling prince who was selected to represent India at the Imperial War Conference has made it clear that the princes of India are not only not opposed to the British government of India being democratized, but that they are eager that the step be taken at an early date. The speeches made by the Maharajah of Bikanir in this connection have removed many misconceptions. Thus the wind has been taken out of the sails of the reactionary Jingo Imperialist, though nothing has been done to remove the fear of the nationalist that all this may only end in smoke, as it has so often done in the past. Yet one thing is certain—that after the war conditions in India cannot remain what they are now. The nationalists are active and the country is awake. An important section of the British politicians sympathize with their aspirations, and the movement has gone too far to be arbitrarily put down without risk and danger to the Government itself.

The Russian Revolution has removed the incubus from Persia. If the British are true to their word and their declared policy of letting Persia develop on her own lines, she may be able to put her house in order and develop her government on democratic lines. So far one can read the future with a certain amount of probability—but no farther. What is going to happen to Turkey and Arabia is known only to the gods.

The Allies will make a great mistake if they plan a complete and final extinction of Moslem power in the world. The Moslems are so unlike the "mild Hindu" (though even the Hindu is no longer so very mild) that a policy of extermination will rouse them to unity and consolidation, with almost certain disaster to European domination in Asia. If the Allies are true to their own aims, they should be willing to let the people of Asia organize their own governments on their own lines, with such restrictions only as may be absolutely necessary to impose in the interest of the orderly progress of the world. One thing, however, may be noted. Asia is awake, and will not submit to an arbitrary, despotic exploitation of herself by others, whether political or economic. The interests of world peace require that the legitimate aspirations of the Asiatics to manage their own affairs and live their own lives should be respected by all sincere democrats the world over.

The United States has a noble part to play in making the world a universal democracy. It is not enough to make the world safe for existing democracies only. But what is necessary is a general rule of democracy all the world over. That is possible only if the present racial prejudices die out and the right of every people to live its own life and manage its own affairs is recognized more in practice than in theory. The world has had enough of theories. What is wanted, and wanted soon, is practice—righteousness in political relations at home, and righteousness in international relations abroad.

New York City. LAJPAT RAI.

SHALL WE CALL A CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

AS PROVIDED BY THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION?

BY BOUCK WHITE

Social revolution may, without too great a stretch of words, be called Mr. White's religion. His book "The Call of the Carpenter" presents Jesus as a leader of workingmen in a social revolution. It was the Church of the Social Revolution of which Mr. White was pastor when he was first sent to prison because he had disturbed the peace of a service in a church on Fifth Avenue, New York City. It was because he participated in a ceremonial burning of the American flag, with those of other nations, in protest against what he believed to be social wrongs tolerated under capitalistic governments and in symbolic representation of the welding of all nations in internationalism, that he was sent to prison for a third time in three years. Beside his doctrines the views of many Americans who call themselves radicals are palely conservative. Whatever may be said of his opinions, it cannot be said of him that he is overcautious. His methods have at times been inconsistent with public order and have no sanction in the right of free speech; but they have provided him with an opportunity to be heard by a public that would otherwise not have listened to him, and for that opportunity he has paid the price of imprisonment. What some regard as his escapades and others as his sufferings for righteousness' sake have not only afforded publicity for his views, but have attested his right to be classed as a radical. At this time, when many social revolutionaries assuming to speak on behalf of the working people of the world have shown a tendency to compromise with the most powerful of military autocracies, the words which this radical social revolutionist addresses to his "fellow-malcontents" are worth a wide hearing.—THE EDITORS.

IN asking my fellow-malcontents to support the war I shall not be accused of jingoism or faint-heartedness. The war has been going three years, and during it I have served three prison sentences. Now, however, on release from my last imprisonment, I find that America has entered the conflict. To any one trained to think in the thought forms of organized civilization this fact puts a quite new and different face to affairs.

Whatever can be said of the rights of a minority in time of peace cannot be affirmed with equal truth for times of foreign war. It matters not by whose fault the accident happened; when the ship is off a lee shore with the anchors dragging and the officers are laboring to inch her away into an offing, mutiny by the crew is illogical, unsagacious, indefensible. My readings in the book of history show me not one instance of pacifist success after the howitzers had begun their bellowings. When the herd has once stampeded, there is nothing to do but ride along with them and let them run it off; defiance would be uselessly dangerous; and to withdraw in a fit of the sulks—'twould stamp one king of quitters. In time of war the word of the constituted authorities must be law. Nice distinctions are lost in moments of blood and thunder. How ideal soever be the motives of those Russians who have been giving way on the German front, not all the explainings through historic ages will rehabilitate them and their families in the estimation of the normal-minded.

But it's for a deeper reason I decry the pin-prick policy that American radicalism is going off into. 'Tis the most wonderful moment, probably, since time began for remaking the social map. To fritter away an hour such as this in a campaign of splutter and nagging would be a crime against the human race. Washington is going to make—is making—abundant mistakes. Our form of government is not adapted to military operations. Unexperienced and unadjusted, we find ourselves headforemost in titanic warrior business. History teaches that the privations attendant upon a state of war are never borne cheerfully except the people are kept in a groggy frame of mind by the careering march of their conquering banners or else are terrorized by an enemy hammering at the gates. Both of these stimuli Americans will lack. We are going to have the miseries of war without its compensating excitements.

A richer seed-plot for malcontentment to sprout in could scarcely be imagined. When the war taxes crush downwards and the war prices mount upwards, a fertile crop of complainings is sure to germinate. To mobilize these murmurings into demolitionist bands harassing the Government would be the easiest thing in the world. And already the radical forces are yielding to it; fomenting strikes, sabotage, flippant insurrec-

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tions, food riots, race antagonisms. These tactics are eminently adapted to cut furrows in the face of our President and put bags under his eyes. But it will not stay his hand. 'Twill but add needlessly to the distracted counsels, the darkness, the confused noise, the garments rolled in blood. In time of war the Government holds all the trump cards—and ought to. Any one who clogs the motion of the military arm invites terrible discomfiture. The mighty here in America have staked high in this war against Germany, and the industrial plant at their back is equipping them with an armament beyond describing for powerfulness and swift metallic onset. The foe is likewise multipotent, and is building a colossal rampart. The impact is like to be that of an irresistible force colliding with an immovable obstruction. Whoso gets in between these two while they are in their present mood will resemble Alpine daffodils in the path of an avalanche.

But 'tis the pettiness of the attempt spurs my remonstrance. Radicalism, by its baptismal name, means getting at the root of the poison-upas tree. It pooh-poohs the reformer's notion that a snipping off of a leaf here or a twig there will avail; it insists—New Testamentwise—in laying the ax at the root. God knows, the world needs root work to-day if it ever did. Never was a moment when vaster multitudes were ripe to take up a programme of Thorough in new-modeling our social edifice, provided the designers of that programme see life steadily and see it whole; beholding man to be a human being instead of merely a food-pipe. But if radicalism fails to rise to the bigness of the hour and proves herself naught but an aggregation of irresponsibles firing on American troops from behind, bushwhacker fashion, there will not be enough left of her when the war is finished to hold a wake over.

I am not unmindful of the rejoinder that will probably be made: "War prices require that the working class strike, in order to protect their standard of living." I say, the present standard of living of the working class is not worth protecting. And to barter away the present opportunity of social alteration in return for a mutton stew, would purchase a mess of pottage at an appalling price. Poor tacticians are they who haggle over pennies when bank notes are theirs for the asking. Hunger, I know, is a sharp lash. But there have been hungry men before now who refused to eat the calf while it was yet inside the cow. If it be objected that the workers cannot rise to this broader sky-line because they have been suckled in a short and trivial view of life, I answer that it is precisely in order to widen their visual angle that we must begin to talk in terms of fundamental reconstruction. Could destiny play us a more terrific April-fool than to bring us out of this cataclysmic era with nothing but our "standard of living protected"? In war time strikes have a treasonable squint. It may be the most justifiable strike ever pulled off. But 'twill be cartooned as a paid-for move to give aid and comfort to the enemy. America needs law-abiding desperadoes; men and women who are haggard at the stark materialism of the time and give their days and nights to a reshaping of Christendom's programme; but who, just because of the gravity of the situation, yield their loyalty to any government now in existence until a better one can be set up.

The United States Constitution permits such a course. It foresaw a convulsive era like the present and provided for it. Along with the ordinary patchwork method of amending the Constitution it devised machinery for calling a constituent assembly when the tides of change should sweep in with a current too massive to be taken care of by the customary channel. A good many people are unaware that this second device is provided for in that instrument. At a dinner party the other night where were a college professor in sociology and the former editor of a New York daily I broached the matter. Both of them affirmed that this second method of amendment did not exist. Indeed, the professor of sociology—inclined, like not a few of his clan, to draw historical facts from his theories rather than his theories from historical facts—explained how such a provision could not possibly be in the instrument, because no Constitution could be expected to provide for its own hari-kiri.

But it's there. Article V, after giving the ordinary formula of amendment, follows with a magnanimous Or: "Congress, on application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which shall be valid when ratified by three-fourths of the several States." That is to say, we have two legal and detailed methods of altering the social scheme of *things*: one, the reform method; the other, the revolution method. The first is applicable to patch up weather-beaten places in the edifice. The other was intended to come into play when, because of some far-going change in the environment, an alteration from turret to foundation is requisite, changing not this detail or that, but the ground plan itself and the very uses to which the building shall be put.

This second method has never yet been employed; has remained a dead letter during all the years since 1787 because we have never before been in the swirl of a convulsion. But the framers—able-headed men—knew that such periods arrive. Literate in historic lore, they knew that there are epochs when the new wine comes so foamingly from the press of events that it's unsafe to pour it into the old bottle. Therefore, to the end that the new dispensation might be inaugurated soundly, in the majesty of a deliberative assembly—the people supporting the provisional government until the new can be established—they inserted the machinery I have quoted.

If we are to improve this moment in history—a dear-purchased moment, bought with an infinite price—to get our constituent assembly, we have no time to lose to get the thing under way, so that mere guerrilla assaults on this method or that in the conduct of the war are a waste of golden moments. In order to get our constituent assembly we have to persuade the Legislatures in two-thirds of the States to demand it. Then Congress has got to call it. Then the members of the constituent assembly have got to be chosen. Then they must meet and decide upon the new form of government. Then their proposal must go to the several States and be ratified by three-fourths of them. Here is a job big enough to occupy all the energies of all of our social idealists.

To talk constituent assembly will be in every way wholesome. Each malcontent converted to it will be that much fire drawn from under the boilers of sabotage, strikes, disloyalty of every species. Negation is ever a graceless employment. An affirmative note is what the times call for with groanings which cannot be uttered. At present we have only tearers-down or preservers of the *status quo*. The waging of the war will not of itself change anything; nor will a mere policy of snarl and grouch. If alteration is to come, there must organize itself a constructive band of idealists who will stop criticising what is and begin to put forward what ought to be. Merely to acquaint the people that "constituent assembly" is to be found in the United States Constitution would of itself be a work of wide-extending import. At this moment ultra-radicals are contesting the "constitutionality" of the Draft Law. To win on such an issue, while a tactical victory, would be strategically a defeat, leaving the social regeneration gold-bricked and sand-bagged. Some very good sleuth-hounds have been known, under the stress of an unusual distraction, to lose the scent and deviate on a comparatively unimportant side trail. The framers of the Constitution were more radical than we. With liberal wisdom they inserted political machinery whereby we can call in question the constitutionality of the Constitution.

To gospelize the city and the countryside with this good news would acclimate the minds of the people to the zone and temperature of fundamental change. The mere noise that a constituent assembly was in process of being called would start thousands of thousands of people dreaming out a nobler scheme of things. Further, it would weld the radicals together. In order to control the constituent assembly they would have to present a unified programme. In the constructing of such all schools from reddest red to palest pink would need to collaborate. That discipline, that habitude of union, would work in radicalism a poise of spirit. Brought forth from its minings and underground routes into the sunlit day, it would take on a tone and complexion of healthfulness. It would face the world square-shouldered, its countenance winsome by reason of responsible sobriety, instead of the haphazard, higgledy-piggledy spectacle it now presents.

There is a prodigious amount of unrest in this country. And among the great middle class even more than the artisan workers. Within four years ninety-nine amendments to the Constitution have been proposed on the floor of Congress. Those ninety-

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nine proposals of change, bunched in so short a time and with so weighty a sponsorship, are of themselves enough to justify the calling of a constituent assembly. But this was before our entrance into the war—one of the greatest events in the history of the world. The cyclonic calamity that has burst is jostling multitudes out of their dormancy. People are in a teachable mood as seldom they have been before; and they will stand in, if a programme is unfurled to them concretely and intelligently. Erstwhile standpatters not a few are losing their bourbon hideboundness; they are commencing to hang their harps on the willows, as they see the Pandora box of devilment that has been unsealed to plague the world. People are heart-broke over this war that is dismembering Christendom. They are spiritually in a migratory mood; are willing to have their understandings lit up. "Constituent assembly" marshals these many and fine disquietudes which the day is engendering. In thus legalizing revolution, the framers of the Constitution were statesmen. For therein they dug a mill-race for sluicing off the flood waters, lest with the piled-up rebelliousness the dam burst, letting many torments loose upon mankind.

The discontent of American radicalism is at present doing much to demoralize the situation in Russia. The connections between thousands of radicals here with that country is sending across to friends there a perpetual stream of disloyal incitements; hampering those who are seeking in Petrograd a sound procedure of social alteration. For American radicalism to adopt the twofold programme here outlined, "constituent assembly" and loyalty to the Government while the new is being engineered, would set a beneficent example to the reconstructors in Russia. In truth, by focusing the discontent in all of the allied countries into this safe and sane channel, permitting fealty to the establishment with at the same time a dogged resolve to alter the establishment, it might become the determining factor in the war.

KNOLL PAPERS

SOME ANSWERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

When discussing "H. G. Wells's Great Discovery" in The Outlook for July 11, you say, "As long as man finds God it is not material whether he finds him through the Bible or without the Bible." Will you kindly tell us—your "unknown friends"—what you have in mind when you refer to man finding God without the Bible, and is it really not material whether God is found through the Bible or without the Bible? J. W. G.

IT is clear that Abraham, Moses, and David found God without any Bible, for they found him before the Bible existed. In fact, the Bible might be described as a collection of writings by men who found God and who wrote to tell the world how they found God and what was their personal experience of him. It is evident from Paul's speech at Athens that he recognized the truth that pagans seek the Lord and find him; and from Peter's statement that "in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him," and from John's statement that Christ is the Light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," it is evident that the Apostles believed that men found God who had never known of the Bible or its teachings. There is no reason to believe that men are not still finding him in the same way. For it is evident from a study of pagan literature that men in every nation have found that fellowship with God of which Mr. Wells speaks in his book—a fellowship from which no child of God is shut out who honestly and sincerely desires to live the divine life. That eternal life, Paul tells us, is given to all those "who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality;" and Christ tells us that "every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." The limitations which theologians have put upon the goodness of God, shutting out from that goodness all who have not entered through the Jewish or the Christian Scriptures, have no warrant whatever in those Scriptures.

In the issue of your journal of July 4 there is a reference to the declarations of the Knights of Columbus rather approvingly, and a crediting of the organization to the same place in the Roman Catholic Church that the purely religious organizations, the Young Men's Christian Association, for example, have in the Protestant churches. It will be a surprise to many readers that you regard the society and its objects so innocently. . . . The statement by the chairman of the Committee that the prejudice against the Roman Catholics is not the rule, and that the persons who have the prejudice are not representative of the great body of the non-Catholic population, cannot be accepted. It has been my lot to be associated with individuals and with bodies of men, Christian and non-Christian, for years, and I must say that it is seldom a voice is raised in their defense. . . . It is a rare event to have the adherents of that Church unite with Protestants in a temperance meeting, for example; and we do know how the Knights of Columbus have opposed free assembly, free speech, and free press, and do systematically boycott persons and bodies that do not meekly allow them to have their way.

G. B. S.

There are, in my judgment, evil tendencies in the Roman Catholic Church, as there are in all churches, and I have not hesitated, and shall not hesitate, to criticise and condemn those tendencies whenever and wherever they appear. There are also beneficent and helpful tendencies in the Roman Catholic Church, as there are in all churches, and I am always glad to point those out and to commend them whenever and wherever they appear. In my own home town we have banished the saloons for some twenty years past, and the Roman Catholic Church has been one of the strong influences in accomplishing that banishment. There have been different priests in charge of the church during that time, and they have all co-operated in the anti-saloon movement. On at least five occasions we have had prominent Roman Catholic clergymen from abroad address our mass-meetings in strong temperance and anti-saloon pleas, and always with the best effect. If you are right in saying that it is seldom a voice is raised in the defense of the Roman Catholics against partisan prejudice, there is the more reason why I should raise my voice against that prejudice whenever the opportunity offers. I am Protestant of the Protestants. I believe the ultimate foundation of faith is not in the authority of the Bible nor in the authority of the Church, but in the authority of the common conscience of mankind; that both the Church and the Bible are authoritative only as they interpret that common conscience of mankind. But all the more I am glad to commend that interpretation whether it comes from pagan, Jewish, Roman Catholic, or Protestant sources, if I believe the interpretation to be the truth.

G.: Your question is one which no one can answer for you. Such life questions are in one form or another presented to every young man, and only he who knows himself and his circumstances and conditions can give a final answer to them. I can only suggest two principles which may help you to form your own answer.

1. A first duty of a young man is to his parents. If for any reason they are unable to provide for their own support, he should make it his first ambition to provide that support for them. It would be a dishonor were he to leave them to the charity of the community while he went off to make a livelihood and a career for himself.

2. But when their necessities are provided for either by him or by their own possessions, his duty to them seems to me fulfilled. They have not a right to ask that he should surrender the opportunities of a free, full, developing life merely to give them his companionship. If their vital needs are provided for,

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then he must consider his duties to the world, which are identical with his duties to himself, and he must take such course as will best fit him for both self-development and a life of useful service to others. Jesus, who left his parents in Galilee to take part in the great reform work to which he dedicated his life, furnishes an example which can be safely followed.

Skeptic: I judge from your letter that you have no idea of what is the Christianity of Jesus Christ. You say that you are a college student. I hardly need to remind you that scholars are never content to take their information on any great question at second hand provided the original sources are accessible to them. The original sources respecting the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth are entirely accessible to every one. It is to those sources that you should go if you wish to know what his life and his teachings really were. For that information you cannot safely trust to either the critics or the eulogists of Christianity.

There is some question among scholars whether the Gospel of John is one of the original documents. I personally believe that it is and that it contains, if not the words, at all events the substance of the teachings of the Apostle John. But both the third and fourth Gospels were written subsequently to the first two. I suggest to you, therefore, to read through, if possible at a sitting, the Gospel of Mark, which is the briefest and most vivid and possibly the earliest. It will be well for you to read it in some unfamiliar form, in the Twentieth Century New Testament, for example. It will thus be easier for you to forget for the time being whatever impressions of Christ and his teachings you may have derived from either his critics or his eulogists. Such a reading will be quite useless to you unless you enter upon it with a sincere endeavor to ascertain, if you can, what it is in the life and teachings of Jesus that has won for him the admiration of pagans, Jews, and agnostics; which has made, for example, such an agnostic as John Stuart Mill say that it would be difficult to find any better test of life, even for an unbeliever, than to live in such a way that Jesus would approve his life. If you care to pursue this inquiry any further, I suggest to you to read Renan's "Life of Jesus," not because that is the most scholarly or the most accurate portraiture of this great leader of men; but because it presents the picture of his life so vividly and so free from theological prepossessions. If you will come to this kind of study of the Christianity of Jesus Christ as you might come to a study of the biography of any other man of history a volume of whose teachings you happened on in a library, and if then you will write down your unprejudiced conclusions respecting his life and his teachings and his character, you will have taken the first steps necessary to acquaint yourself with the Christianity of Jesus Christ, which in many important respects is quite different from the Christianity of the churches, ancient or modern.

> Is there any belief that the Congregational Church as a body stands for? . . . Is there any creed or code of belief that a young Congregational minister must sign or agree to when being licensed to preach in a church of his own? A. G. P.

In theory, each Congregational church is a wholly independent organization. The term "Independent" is often applied to it in England. In this organization all members of adult age stand on an equal footing. The minister is simply one of the number chosen to be their teacher. In practice, however, the Congregational churches are in fellowship, and it is not usual for a Congregational church to call a minister to be its pastor without inviting a council of neighboring churches, who examine the minister and the church and give their advice as to whether the church had better call the minister, and whether the minister had better accept the call. In many cases, however, a minister remains practically the pastor of the church without any such council being called. He is then termed in ecclesiastical circles "stated supply," but his relations are in all respects those of a pastor. At different times Congregationalists have made a formal statement of their common faith, but these statements are not binding on either the church or the ministry. Neither church nor minister is under obligation to accept them or any one of them. I believe that a minority of the Congregational churches, though perhaps an increasing number, are dispensing with the creed altogether and going back to what was a custom of the early Puritan churches and requiring as a condition of admission simply subscription to a covenant, not to a declaration or definition of faith.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.

ARTHUR McQUAID, AMERICAN[1]

A SHAFT OF LIGHT

BY HERMAN SCHNEIDER

Arthur McQuaid "sairved the Lord," as he would have phrased it, as a cobbler in a Pennsylvania mining town. Physically and mentally he was outstanding; he radiated a lasting impression of a jovial man of strong convictions. His controlling passions were the destiny of the United States and a personal God to whom he could talk about daily affairs. He rarely argued or defined these, but he lived them every day. He phrased his thoughts in archaic form as the result of reading the Bible and Matthew Henry's "Commentaries" daily while he worked. The first Arthur McQuaid story appeared in The Outlook, May 23, 1917.—THE EDITORS.

THE Faculty session dragged. Then the stickler for distinctions proposed that we use the words "Bachelor Degree," instead of "Bachelor's Degree," in our Announcement of Courses; and forthwith a stately discussion moved through the late afternoon hours. The procession of words lost itself finally, like the twilight, in a gray fog. When we emerged after the meeting into night and reality, my mind was racing vividly over the education of one Henry Manson.

A product of the old and the new South, Manson came North to college rich in a mental and physical heritage but poor in money. Any good woman's heart would have warmed toward Manson's mother because of the son she had made. Unconsciously he proclaimed her handiwork. When he entered the registrar's office, neat, grave, courteous, trustful, and upstanding, his whole bearing conveyed his mother's anxious message to whom it might concern: "This is my son. As you see him, so he is. Every boy can fib with his tongue, but this one cannot with his eyes. He has a deep faith in God, which is good. He has an equally deep faith in women—but what else could I do? He is too serious for his years; there was poverty because of the war, and after his father died we counted the pennies together. He is utterly innocent of the obvious fact that he is attractive. I have tried not to smother him with mothering, nor yet to have him become what his father would have called a 'smart Aleck' for lack of it. He is not a goody-goody; there is a deal of fight in him. But from this time on his training is a man's work. I must now stay alone in the background and watch for his letters and pray to God and dream the dreams that drift around a mother's craving hope."

The making of Manson proceeded according to established methods. His boyhood beliefs were tramped flat like toys by the marshaled laws of science. The foundations of his religion were shattered to dust by the methodical thundering of accurately fired scientific principles. The God of his mother's teachings was in full retreat, and only found sanctuary for a scant fifteen minutes every morning in the chapel exercises. Even the chaplain conducted his office more like a paid custodian than a passionate defender. The theories of evolution, as they were unrolled before him by an acknowledged authority, made the world a thing that just grew. Living lacked co-ordination, foreordination, even ordination, and was more like Eliza crossing the ice than a pilgrim's progress.

His faith in women was torn out by the roots. The wound

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was too deep to heal, but he hid the pain. Some older students managed this at a long Sunday night sitting.

When he went home at the end of the first school year, his raiment revealed the fact that personal attractiveness was his ever-present consideration. The girl across the street caught the significance of this in an instant; she stifled the spontaneous "Oh, Hen-ner *ree!*" of former days and murmured, politely, "How do you do, Henry?"

Henry, checking an up-and-down glance, said, "How do you do, Marjorie?" and looked at the sky while he stammered, "It's a—a nice day, isn't it?"

But his mother noticed only the novelty of a pipe, and frankly approved. It was good to have the smell of smoke in the house again.

The cloister of Henry's mind was stripped of the remnant of his mother's broidery by a summer spent as timekeeper in a railway construction camp, and in the fall he fared back to college cherishing some new swear-words and countenancing a strictly monetary view of human labor; for his own hands did no digging and his own back no lifting. Another year of classroom pounding and of chapel exercises, the latter utilized for a glance at studies neglected the night before, left impresses that on his second visit home made his mother's heart long for a plain talk; but somehow it never could be started. Marjorie's greeting that year was simply, "You're looking well," and Henry's reply, "*You're* looking well."

Then came another summer as timekeeper on the construction of a Government dam; the Congressman of his district arranged it. The river was not navigable, and never would be; everybody in the neighborhood knew it and joked about it and told the Congressman what a smart man he was.

His mother cried a little when he left for his third year at college, and Marjorie, gathering fruit for jelly under the trees in the side yard, inquired, "Leaving, Henry?" Then she stood up and pushed back her sunbonnet and looked at him squarely.

"Well," she said, "I guess this is good-by to Hen-ner-*ree*."

The trip North was a listless thing. Two years before he had thrilled at his first sight of the Capitol dome at Washington. Now he glanced at it and muttered, "Graft!" A pillared church near Baltimore, which looked like the one at home, stimulated only the cynical thought, "Empty." At Baltimore some girls going North to school went through the pigeon-like flutter of settling down, during which he appraised them frankly, and they appraised him just as frankly. "Good-by to Hen-ner-*ree!*" Well, why in thunder, he asked himself, did people stuff their children full of make-believe nonsense in a practical world where the survival of the fittest was the one sure rule of the game?

It flashed on him suddenly that he had discovered a great secret! Religion, the flag, and a clean code—clever creations of the cleverest men to serve their personal ends! The Congressman who managed the river improvement graft longed in every Fourth of July speech for a chance to die for his country; he sat well forward in church and used every artifice to make his presence evident; he had a wife who believed all he said, but last summer at the dam there were whispered stories of his life at Washington.

Good-by to Hen-ner-*ree!* What a fool he had been! What fools most people were! And here he was, back of the veil, knowing the secret of the clever ones, all by his own cleverness. A man at last!

The great discovery was running through his mind the next morning as he came down the campus after registering. It explained many things. It—

"Lad," a rich voice interrupted, "are ye one o' the disciples that sit at the feet of the masters?"

Henry the cynical, responding instinctively to the tone, straightened up to Henry the gravely courteous. Two men and a boy confronted him. The men wore speckless Grand Army uniforms, and the boy had the togs and the telescope of a freshman from the country. This new youngster was about like all freshmen from small towns, and a glance merely emphasized the freckles and the hair fringe; one of the Grand Army men was of a type also—long, lean, with short, sparse, graying whiskers under a hooked nose that dominated the face; but the other—the one who had spoken to him, and the ring of whose voice had instantly jolted every fiber of his being to a tension ready for action—this man was a generator of power. Henry sensed it at once, because he had known a generator of power.

There leaped to the top of his mind in clear detail a railway yard near his home; particularly vivid was the genius of the yard, a boyhood god of bushy graying hair over eyes that said more than the tight mouth below the stubby nose. Men asking for work knew instinctively that he was the boss of things; they asked in a few unadorned words and accepted the answer without quibble, for the yes or no was dictated by what the eyes saw in their eyes, rather than by what the ears heard from their tongues. The genius of the yard was fine when things were running accurately in their foreordained way, for then he would lean back in his chair in the signal tower with his square-toed shoes on the window sill, watching benignly the orderly movement of trains going, trains coming, and trains rearranging, and tell the adoring boy, who hurried thither from school, the romance of railway days when the struggle was with the wild fantasies of outlaws, Indians, and the elements, instead of as now with pieces of paper from headquarters. But he was magnificent when the yard choked on a blizzardy winter night—when physical endurance cried a protest and things of cold iron snapped and the muddle went to men's minds, then he stood on legs of steel in the shrieking tangle, and with the sharp lash of his tongue and a challenge of cowardice in his eyes sent overwhelmed spirits back to do the impossible with the crazy energy of utter exhaustion. His name was McGinnis, and no man ever thought of bossing him. In bed at night, after a visit to the yard, Henry would lie straight and tense and imagine McGinnis surrounded by attacking redskins, or fighting a band of robbers, or facing some appalling natural catastrophe; and always McGinnis won, or he died standing.

And here was another McGinnis, thicker and, if possible, solider of body, with the same chin and the same, but merrier, blue eyes. The mouth, too, was more ready to smile than McGinnis's. Above all, there was the same radiation of irresistible power, but with an open friendliness that withheld nothing.

Henry tipped his hat and said he was one of the disciples.

"I'm Arthur McQuaid, by the grace of God, a shoemaker," the rich voice went on, "and this is Jake Schwenck, who sairves the Lord as a master builder, and the lad is his third-born, whom we've brought to the seers to be taught the whole duty of man. Would ye mind tellin' us to which of the temples we should direct his footsteps?"

Henry, relishing memories of the masterful McGinnis, volunteered to show them.

"Ye see, now," said Arthur to the third-born, "the fairst duty of the wise is to be a torch to them that falter in darkness. Ye'll mind the Preacher says," and he quoted the Wisdom of Solomon in an even voice while he strode up the campus at a pace that made Jake Schwenck gasp.

The business of registering the third-born was quickly accomplished by a clerk; the money, all in gold and silver, was paid in full by Arthur, and the receipt ceremoniously handed to Jake Schwenck to be carefully tucked in his inner pocket.

"And now I'd have a waird with the seers," said Arthur, respectfully.

The clerk nodded to Henry, and a group of matriculating classmates threw him grins of discomfiture as he led the procession forth, with the third-born at the rear soberly lugging his bulging telescope.

Henry chose tactfully to begin with the Professor of Astronomy, a little man with a long gray beard and the heart of a shy child. They lingered here most of the morning, listening to the wonderful story of the stars told haltingly as a bashful girl would tell of her peerless knight. They gazed with awe at the great telescopes, and when the astronomer showed them a photograph of a little patch of the Milky Way and apologized because a thousand suns, each millions of miles from the others, found room to disport themselves therein, Arthur's tears flowed frankly. The seer, to ease the situation, then explained, with little coughs of embarrassment, how the comets tear through space at speeds inconceivable and appear in their appointed places at their appointed times. Arthur's tears flowed the more

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and his head bent in humility. Henry, comprehending, dared to put his arm over the big bowed shoulders.

"I'm only a shoemaker, but is there aught I can make for this the Lord's temple?" Arthur fairly begged. Then, with sudden inspiration: "Ye go in and out before the Most High God on winter nights. Would ye grant it to a sairvant of the Lord to make ye a pair o' winter shoes as an offering to the temple?"

The timekeeper of the universe was too overcome to phrase the protest which his modesty prompted.

"'Tis the thing my hands can do!" cried Arthur, with finality; and the astronomer submitted in confusion to having his two feet measured and mapped, while Arthur called upon the Lord to witness how important it was that they should summon all of their skill to this task. Then, rising, he said, "Now we'll have a waird o' prayer," and poured forth a pæan of power and majesty that left Henry trembling.

It was the third-born who called their attention on leaving to the fact that it was lunch time. The descent from the splendor of the heavens to the sandwiches in the shoe-box jolted Henry, and he flamed with an impulse to wring the youngster's neck. But a moment later he was grateful, for Arthur announced that he would have a word with the Lord's servant the philosopher. Henry gasped, for the Professor of Philosophy was a dapper young man possessed of a withering wit that mercilessly wilted the older growth of ideals, but excited to a tropical luxuriance the newer germinations of self and sex. He stirred woman's clubs to rampageous resolutions, but as the servant of the Most High God . . . !

An instinctive dislike for this teacher tempted Henry for a moment to risk the wrecking of Arthur's fine old woodcut picture of the seers and the temples just to witness a combat between the shoemaker's great soul and the philosopher's vandal spirit. But the blessing which Arthur asked on their lunch, by the spring in a corner of the campus, routed this alluring whim:

"Ye've blessed this bread, Father, for ye've blessed the wairk that airned it; 'tis wairk ye could look upon and say it was good. As ye're well aware, thy sairvant Jake Schwenck hides no dark places on the rim of his conscience. From airly morn till supper time he bestows the best of his head and hands to build for others as he'd build for himself. Ye'll mind the time the corrupt politicians whispered together to build a road, out of county money, to the farm of the wicked judge, and besought Jake to raise a bridge thereon, and how he confounded them with his indignation, while I stood by with a stout oak stick and quoted the Holy Waird to their confusion. Aye, Lord, he can look upon the bone and sinew of his offspring with the whole of his conscience, as a tiller of the soil looks upon his storehouses, and not as a usurer upon his gains. A multitude of wairds cannot sanctify the meat taken from the sacrifice of another, but the portion of one who has sairved the needs of his fellow-men is already blessed. Amen and amen."

A jealous desire to protect old Arthur seized Henry. Then with consternation he realized that there was hardly one among the seers he knew who would not in some measure destroy the illusion. He went over them carefully, one by one. It was while the shoe-box was being retied that a safe way opened; for through the trees he spied the librarian tripping benignly and guilelessly to his duties, shedding the light of his countenance in ever-recurring smiles on every person and prospect his eyes lit upon.

"I'd have a waird with the philosopher," Arthur announced, when all was in order.

"He's at dinner and he'll rest a while," said Henry. "We'll go to the library. I want you to see the books."

"Aye," Arthur agreed, "'tis the heat o' the day. In the cool o' the evenin' under the stars he'd grant a waird; but Jake told the good woman we'd be home th' night. Come, then, we'll go to the storehouse of wisdom."

To the storehouse of wisdom they went, and it sufficed. Appreciative visitors were a boon to the librarian, for they furnished an excuse to go about the books and browse over treasured texts. So he led them from alcove to alcove, and read to them the simple thoughts of the great minds, leaving undisturbed the entangling creeds of the little ones. Arthur stood with his head tilted judicially to one side, smiling approval and deep content. Henry could fairly see his soul expanding and felt his own expanding too.

"Ah, that's good! That's good!" Arthur would snap when a great truth flashed forth in simple words. "What seer said that?" And the librarian, with the little touch of vanity of one acquainted with the great, would transport them in thought to a temple in China, a plain in India, a mountain-side in Persia, or a columned court in Greece or Italy.

In the late afternoon they drifted into the science alcoves, and Arthur's wonder at the glory of the works of the Lord grew unbounded.

"'Tis grand! 'tis grand!" he said in a shaking voice. "We'll have a waird o' prayer."

"Ye'll recall, Father, when I awoke this mornin' and found ye'd rolled up the night and spread out the day, I stood before ye and besought ye to walk with us, for the way was new and the mission grave. The footsteps of the third-born were to be set on the way to wisdom. As I watered the fern on the window-sill and obsairved a new leaf unroll, ye'll mind I said in my heart, 'Tis the law of all life: Food and light and a care not to crush, and the leaf will unfold to its foreordained pattern.'

"I was uneasy on the way, as a dog comin' near a strange place. Aye, a railway train would have bereft King Solomon himself of wisdom; 'tis a wanton whairlwind that sets ye down at yer place all shaken. Could I have walked, anxiety would not have waxed apace within me; we'd have tramped fairmly together knowin' ye'd set a disciple at the entering in of the gate and a scribe at the place where the price is paid, and that the seers would be in their appointed posts, except thy sairvant the philosopher, who'd rest in the heat of the day. But the train made a lump of my thoughts, Father, and how could this thy storehouse of wisdom and thy sairvant the keeper of the books find a suitable setting therein?

"Lord God, ye've overwhelmed me this day, for ye've stooped to smooth the way for an auld shoemaker while ye were marshalin' the stars in the measureless reaches of the fairmament; and ye've granted me a glimpse of the sparklin' jewels ye've distilled in the minds of the hoary seers. As the Preacher says, 'The wairds of a man's mouth are as deep waters; the wellspring of wisdom is as a flowin' brook.' 'Tis like the course of Redline's Creek that turns the wheel of Tom Collins's mill. In the spring it issues from the womb of the airth and plays and coos about the moss and the sand and the airly ferns; then it surges to the flood-tide of youth and breaks its bounds in a reckless torrent that lists not where it overruns. In good time the summer days shine and shower, and it steadies itself to the wairk of the wheel and grinds its measure of shadow of a swift bird in the settin' sun. The sap slips back grist. Then autumn creeps up, and the days fly by like the to mother airth from whence it came; the growth is done, the limbs set, and the bark draws tight. Each mornin' the hoar-frost is whiter, and the voices of life hush more and more. The channels through which the fountains gushed press closer, and the brook lags and picks its way; the wheel slows and the miller casts the yield of yer summer. And then, Father, come the dreamy days when the mornin' warns of the winter to come, and the midday whispers of times agone; and in the silence of the eventide ye linger by while the last golden glint of light strikes a drop of pure water as it falls to the pool that mirrors the wheel. 'Tis a jewel of wisdom, and 'tis so ye fashion it!

"If we could only walk home this evenin', Father! There'll be a moon. The smell of the soft wood ground will stir the good lust for the soil, and the voices in the shadows will be low and reverent. We could fair feel the airth roll along to the sairvice of the seasons, as the seer said ye ordained at the beginning; aye, and sense the tug on the mighty reins by which ye hold the stars in their bewilderin' balance! And there are the wairds of the hoary wise men to ponder over, and the wee specks thy sairvant the keeper of the books has told us about, that make all manner of matter—so tiny that the mote in the sunbeam is like unto the length and breadth of County Down by comparison; and how all follow the law as ye ordained before ye laid the foundations of the wairld. Could we but walk with ye this night, the fallow fields and the harvest heaps, the gnarled rocks and the hushed homesteads—all that lives and all

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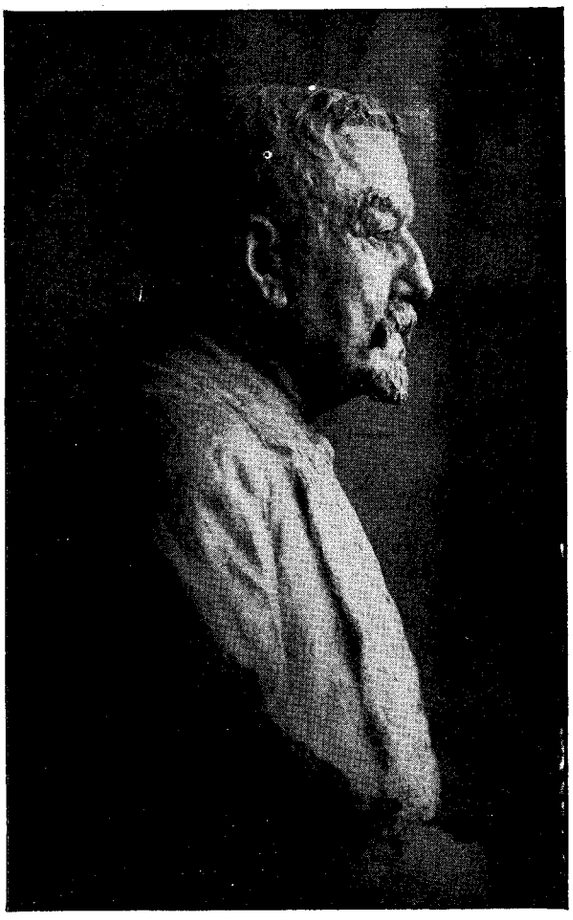
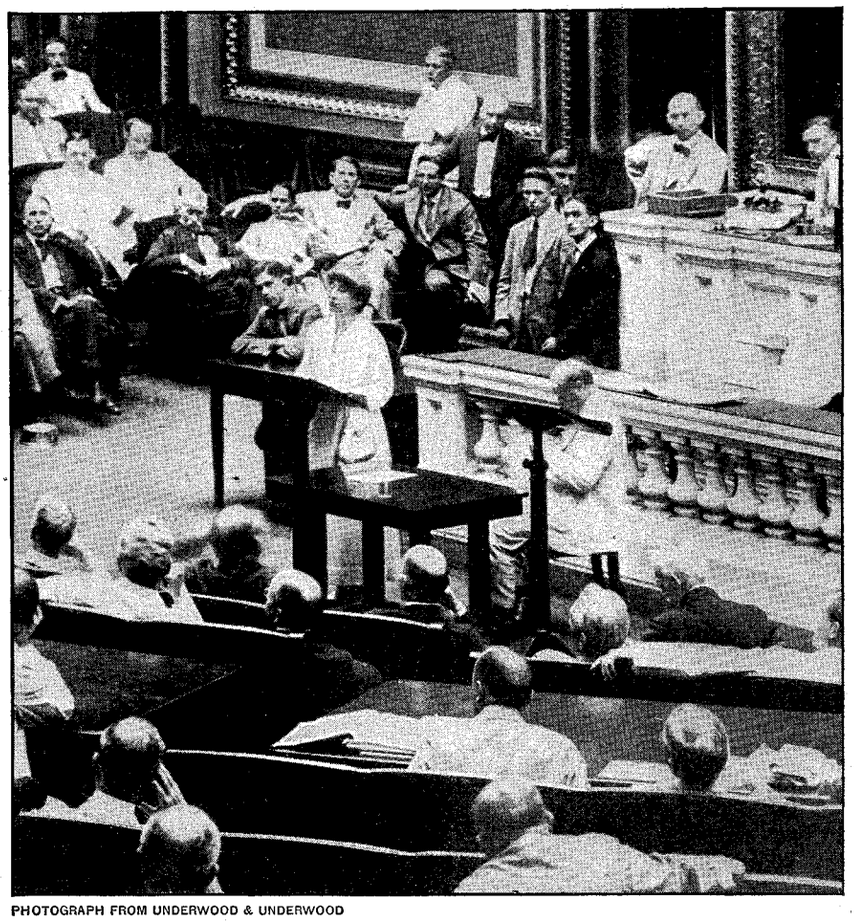


CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT, ARBORICULTURIST

Dr. Sargent is well known as an authority on forestry and as Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard University. The bust pictured above is by C. S. Pietro, of New York, and is to be placed in the Forestry Hall of the Museum of Natural History, New York



PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

MISS RANKIN, WOMAN MEMBER OF CONGRESS, MAKING HER FIRST FORMAL SPEECH IN THE HOUSE

Miss Rankin advocated legislation empowering the President to take over the copper mines of Montana and Arizona, where labor troubles are rife

COURTESY OF THE SPHERE (LONDON)

A MEETING OF RUSSIAN SOLDIER DELEGATES IN THE DUMA BUILDING

The Russian armies fighting at the front recently sent a party of soldier delegates to Petrograd to hold a "Council of the Armies at the Front" and to interrogate Ministers on the political and military state of Russia and of the Allied Powers. The picture shows one of their meetings. It will be noticed that the group is evidently composed of the "intellectuals" rather than of the peasant class

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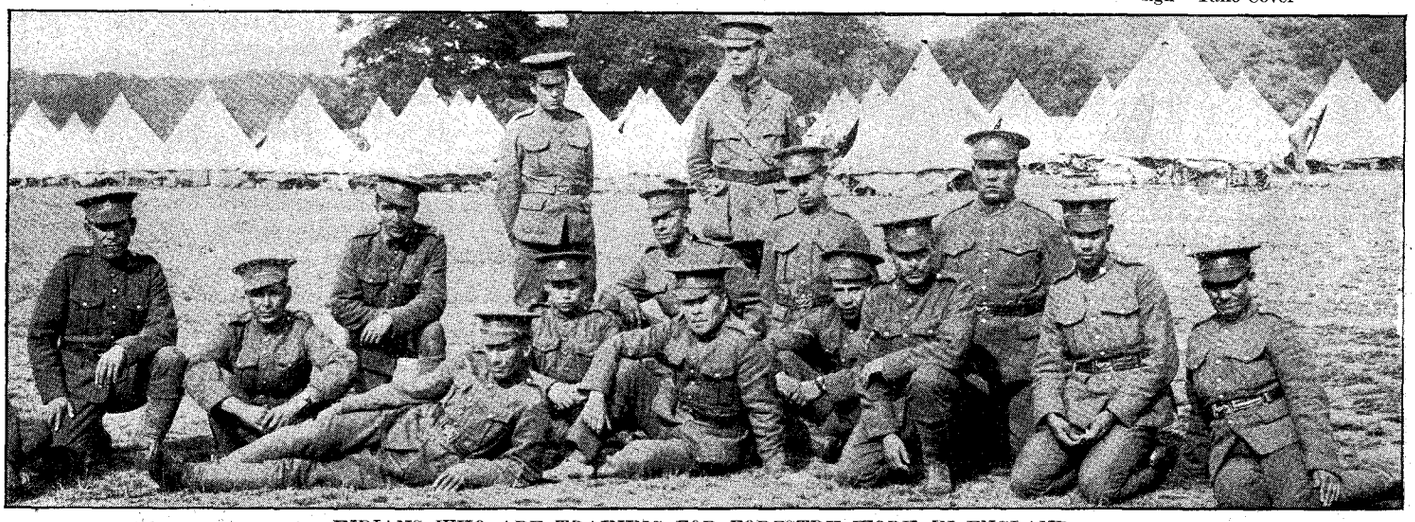
THE GAME FOLLOWS THE FLAG

America sends its baseball with its soldiers to France. The picture shows a Canadian nurse throwing out the ball for the players in the first baseball game between soldiers of General Pershing's expedition and members of a Canadian hospital unit in Paris. Behind the nurse is the Canadian pitcher

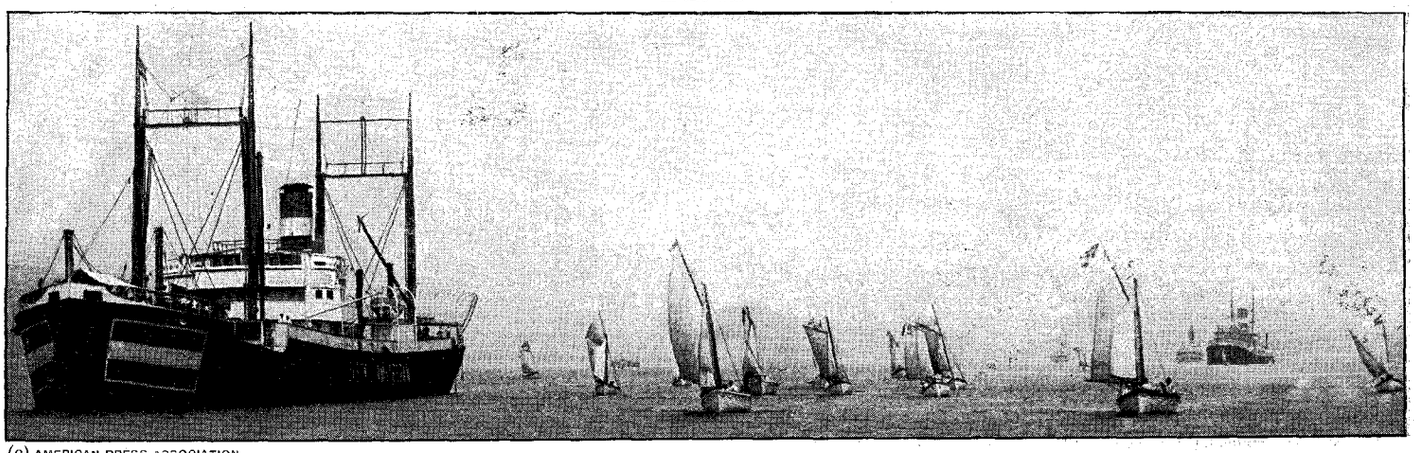
LONDON'S WARNING AGAINST HOSTILE AIRCRAFT

When an air raid is imminent, London's police warn citizens, as above shown, by patrolling the streets with the cautionary sign "Take Cover"



INDIANS WHO ARE TRAINING FOR FORESTRY WORK IN ENGLAND

These Indians are, it is stated, of the Mohawk tribe. With their chief, Lieutenant F. Onondeyoh Loft, they are to conserve the forests of England as "their bit" in the war



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AMUSEMENTS OF DUTCH SAILORS IN NEW YORK HARBOR

About forty Dutch steamships are held up in New York waters on account of the embargo on exports of food to neutrals. The city has, as a result, seen the novel spectacle of Dutch sailboats scudding up the Hudson River, in races run by the crews of these vessels for a purse made up by each of the steamers represented

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that seems dead would bear witness, saying: 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be!' But ye've already set before me a lordly dish, and the tongue of the Psalmist himself would want for wairds wherewith to give thanks to thee, and to thy sairvants the seer of the stars and the keeper of the books, and to the disciple who showed the way. Amen and amen."

When Henry raised his head and looked at old Arthur, he was not surprised to find tears on the ruddy cheeks, for the strong voice had broken a little toward the end of the prayer. His own throat was a bit trembly, but his heart was filled with a deep content. Even the stolid third-born seemed awed, and the librarian took Arthur's arm as they went to the door.

Arthur, who always walked with decision, was the first to reach the steps. He was about to put on his cap, but arrested the motion and stood stock still. The rest came out quickly and followed his gaze to the western sky.

A great gray cloud, hemmed with brilliant orange, screened the sun. Away in the distance the Blue Mountains drew a broad band of purple, touched at the upper edge with the golden sift of a gathering sunset. The river, which melted into the mists of the south after meandering about the broad valley, flashed in the open spaces, throwing into contrast the shadows of the darkening woods and fields. The nearer trees and shrubs were motionless with the tense expectancy nature seems to feel when a storm or a sunset is assembling.

Arthur strode down the steps and over to a flag-pole close by. As he reached it, a bright spot in the center of the cloud opened; a great shaft of sunlight shot through, and there appeared distinctly a white farm-house half hidden by trees and surrounded by pasture land in which black and white cows grazed homeward.

"'Stand still,'" cried Arthur, "'and consider the wondrous wairks of God.' Look now. See the tidy home. There'd be a man toilin' somewhere in the fields, and a wee bairn playin' about the doorstep, and the good woman devisin' a savory dish for supper. Look!—ye can see the smoke curlin' upward. 'Tis an altar that finds favor in the sight of God and an incense that delights his nostrils. 'Tis the fulfillment of the plan of all the years—a free man on his own soil and a bairn whose future who can tell! Look ye what a heritage to hold; aye, and consider the price that bought it."

He paused a moment to gaze at the great cloud.

"Ye'll mind, Father, the manner of my own comin' over. The land was fair in County Down, and the heart of a neighbor moved toward ye; for the same heaviness was on the backs of all, and the same chill in the loins when the eyes fell on the growin' bairns in the dooryard. 'Twas like a plant that comes up each year in barren ground; while the buds give promise, the flowers grow sere and droop before their time. But 'twas home. The mother was there, and ye'll recall the dog McTague that I taught to bow his head when we said the blessin', and how he got so old we'd have to tell him when it was said. And one day I had a letter from Paddy McGuire, who'd come out the year before, sayin' that in the new land no man need struggle forever up a sandy way, nor be the threadbare spinner of the trappin's and trumperies of a thousand years. Ye'll mind, Father, as I stomped homeward in the evenin' with the letter fair cryin' out to me, ye took the stout colors and splashed them on the sky, and through a cloud like the Rock of Ages ye struck a shaft of light that pointed, as yonder one does, to the west. I made up me mind.

"Lord God, ye've seen the stream of yearnin' souls leave hearthstones hallowed by the memories of little feet and sanctified by the struggle together against the stiff-necked generations of privilege and plenty; and ye know the tug backward on the heartstrings in the wakeful nights when the triflin' things of the auld home broke the spirit to tears, and the inscrutable way ahead raised up fearful forebodin's. Aye, there was no support then but the one God of a man's extremity. And when the floodgates opened and the whole of the heart's burden was poured out, ye filled the void with the peace that passeth all understandin' and the courage of the lion which turns not away from any one.

"'Twas a wondrous plan. In the mornin' of mankind's awakenin', when the yearnin' to live his own way was stirrin' to birth, ye walked among the habitations of the lowly in all the lands, and ye whispered a waird to the vairgin minds that longed for a new life. Ye sent a stout heart as a forerunner on the unknown seas. The shepherds on the hills haird the glad tidin's, and the spirits in the bondage of their fathers' sins knew the day of their deliverance was at hand. Ye set yer star in the west as a guide for those who would offer the frankincense and myrrh of toil and struggle as a gift at the cradle of liberty. Strong hearts forsook father and mother and sister and brother to go forth into a strange land and weave the Sairmon on the Mount into the wairks of men. Ye tried them with the cup of bitterness in the Gethsemane of Valley Forge, and the crown of thorns was pressed on the land that thy sairvant Lincoln might establish the law for even the lowliest.

"See!—the shaft of light moves to the west! There's another home, and another, and another! Look! there's a school-house for all the bairns! And there's a kirk; aye, two! three! See the stretch of fields that were wrested from the wilderness by faith in God and in two arms and a back, and in the woman that walked beside, and that have yielded their harvest to the man who tilled them!

"Praise God, liberty rose again! Aye, praise God, it rose again, and the star still shines above us! Woe betide the stiff-necked breed within or without the land that reaches to cast it down! 'Tis the token of the Lord God Almighty himself!"

"The Lord God Almighty?" asked a voice. "Who is he?"

Henry wheeled. The debonair Professor of Philosophy stood in his class-room pose of cynical daring, and smiled the smile that Henry hated—the smile that seemed to say, "You see, I am not afraid of the lightning."

Arthur's legs stiffened. "Man," he asked, "did I hear ye aright?"

"I think so," said the philosopher. "I asked who this God is that you are talking about?"

The lightning struck. Arthur's right hand grasped the philosopher's coat collar.

"Get down on yer knees," he said, pressing him earthward, "for the ground on which ye stand is holy ground."

Henry thrilled with joy, and the librarian's benign face beamed with an ineffable bliss.

The philosopher squirmed like a squirrel in a bear trap. "Let me up!" he cried, indignantly. "You don't know who I am!"

"I do that!" Arthur affirmed. "I know yer kind. Yer name is Legion; yer soul cherishes no wairk that ye've hallowed with yer own sweat, and yer heart cleaves to no country that ye've enriched with a sacrifice. You and yer kind are dry reeds that clack together in the south wind, but when the storm breaks ye scatter like chaff. In war time ye kick the shins of the burden-bearers, and in peace time ye sow tares where the husbandmen plow and plant. Keep still! I've seen ye do it! Ye stood hard by and puffed yerself when the seer which the keeper of the books told about drank the hemlock. Ye cast lots on Calvary, and ye've lurked in every crowd that stoned a saint or mocked a hoary head. Ye follow the ways of a cat, but the faith of a dog is beyond yer understandin'. Do I know who ye are? Aye, the wairld has known ye since Noah built the ark. And the end of all of ye has been a patter of excuses and an empty sigh. Ye asked me who the Lord God Almighty is. Ye asked to scoff. There'll come a day, man, when ye'll ask in anguish. I pray the Father that in his infinite mairey he'll hear yer cry and come to ye. Say 'Amen' to that."

A silence.

"Ye haird me," said Arthur.

"Amen," said the philosopher, grudgingly.

"Now go yer way. Come, Jake Schwenck, we'll take the lad to his lodgin'-house. Then go you home on the train. 'Tis twenty-odd miles, but I'll walk."

The letter which Marjorie brought was so bulky that the mother opened it with trembling fingers. As her eyes raced along the lines, tears began to fall, and she murmured, "A blessed shoemaker!"

"Is—is anything wrong?" asked Marjorie.

The mother handed her the letter. When she came to the words, "and tell Marjorie it isn't good-by to Hen-ner-*ree*," she burst into sobs and buried her face in the mother's lap.

"Why, Marjorie," the mother whispered, "I didn't know—"

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of August 15, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: No Peace with a Hohenzollernized Germany; A Proposal to Condone Germany's Crime; The Ghost of Murdered Belgium; Political Changes in Germany.

Reference: Editorial, pages 575, 576; also 569, 570.

Questions:

1. The Outlook calls Senator Stone's proposal "preposterous," "immoral," and "pro-German." For what reasons? 2. Can you set forth in an unbiased and historical way the causes of this war? 3. Compare your own explanation of the course of events leading to the invasion of Belgium with that of the Kaiser's (page 569). 4. The Outlook believes we cannot honorably make peace with the present German Government or with the people of Germany so long as they believe in their present Government, and it also believes that there can be no peace until the power that now rules Germany is utterly done away with (pages 575–6). How destroy that power? By a military victory over Germany or by appeal to revolutionary forces within her? How change the attitude of the German people when it is impossible to get into Germany? Explain how Germany is to get rid of the Hohenzollerns, the Prussian Junkers, the militarists, and the preachers and professors who have made German national thought and life what they are. 5. Do you believe Germany can be trusted? Upon what do you base your answer? 6. Do you think the Germans believe Germany is politically infallible? Give several reasons. 7. Are you willing to help pay the price of un-Hohenzollernizing Germany? 8. Upon what terms would you make peace with Germany? (Note.—The following references will throw considerable light upon the questions asked in this part of the outline: "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by Lippmann, Chapter XVI; "Germany vs. Civilization," by Thayer; "A History of the Great War," by Doyle, Chapter I; "Speaking of Prussians," by Cobb; "America and the Great War for Humanity and Freedom," by Johnson; "Modern European History," by Hazen, pages 608–618.)

B. Topic: The Menace of the German-Language Press.

Reference: Pages 579–581.

Questions:

1. After reading this article, state what ideas and principles are championed by the German-language press. 2. Do you think the German-American editors are doing work acceptable to William II? 3. Compare their ideas with those of German editors, teachers and preachers. 4. Discuss Mr. Hagedorn's statement: "Any paper which, at this time, is not actively against Germany is for Germany." 5. What is your personal feeling after reading this article? 6. Do you think this article should be sent to the President and to the members of Congress? (Read the following on Germany's educational and publicity methods: "The Land of Deepening Shadow," by Curtin; "Germanism from Within," by McLaren; "Seven Years in Vienna," Houghton Mifflin Company, author's name not given; "Ordeal by Battle," by Oliver, pages 113–166.)

C. Topic: On the Battle-Lines.

Reference: Page 570.

Questions:

1. Do you understand how a modern army makes attacks and repulses counter-attacks? 2. Describe the construction and employment of "tanks" in the present war. 3. What else would you like to know about modern warfare? (The following are well worth reading: "Italy, France, and Britain at War," by Wells; "At the War," by Northcliffe; "A History of the Great War," by Doyle.)

II—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Topic: Russia Upside Down; Russia's Future; Political Changes in Russia.

Reference: Pages 569, 570, 584–589.

Questions:

1. Is Mr. Mason's article on Russia an argument for despotism as against self-government? Has democracy proved itself capable of handling great issues? 2. What are some of the fundamentally necessary things to insure order and stability in a democracy? 3. What insight into Russian character does Mr. Mason give us? 4. From this article describe the attitude of Russian soldiers. Of Russian workingmen. 5. In what respects is Russia like Mexico? Unlike Mexico? 6. What is meant by the Russian people and the Russian Government? 7. Comment on Russia's future. (It will greatly pay you to read the following valuable books: "The People's Government," by Hill; "Americanism—What It Is," by Hill; "Are We Capable of Self-Government?" by Noxon; "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by Lippmann; and "Freedom and Responsibility," by Hadley.)

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. America's best interest demands the suppression of the German-American papers. 2. It is impossible to discover the will of any great nation. 3. Our diplomacy has served our National needs exceptionally well. 4. The President is the *real* war-making power in the United States.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for August 15, 1917. After looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*.)

Vernacular, credulity, envoys, reprisals, *par excellence*, hifalutin, egregious, grotesque, absurd, innuendoes, cataclysm, effervescent.

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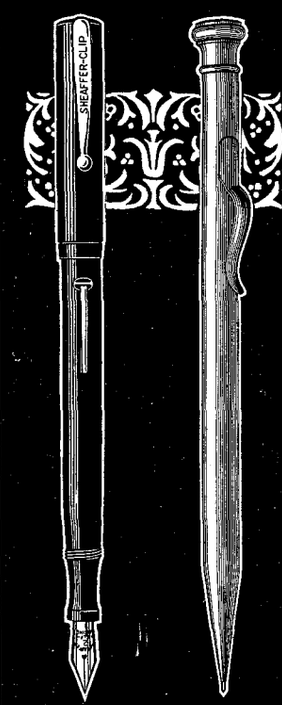

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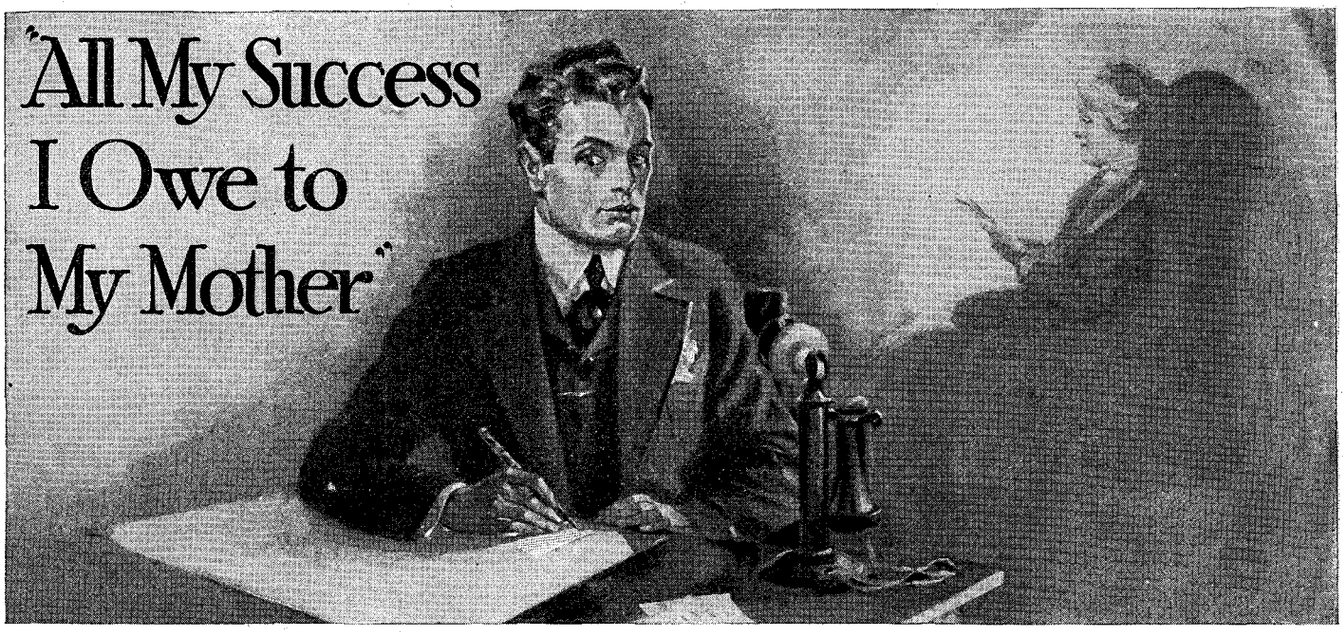

A Message of Vital Importance to Every Mother and Father

WHEN you see a fine, straightforward, successful man, a leader among his fellows—you nine times out of ten see a man whose parents, consciously or unconsciously, knew how to train him as a child, how to bring out his strong points and how to overcome his weaknesses.

When you see a worth while woman, with a charming, well-poised personality, the kind who is "looked up" to by her friends, you see a woman whose parents, although they may not have realized it, applied the scientific laws of child training when she was a little girl.

But just as many parents are unconscious that their success in child training is due to right methods, so are many parents unconscious that their failure will be traceable to wrong methods. Character is not born, but builded. You as a parent are the architect of your child's character, the constructor of its future career, for upon character depends success. Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and after Lincoln have said the same thing of their mothers, and how truly they spoke!

If Lincoln as a baby had been switched to the cradle of another mother, his name might never have been known outside of his home community. If you put the baby son of the most cultured of families in a nest of thieves, he would grow up to be one of them. Reversed methods of training could have turned many a ditch digger into a financier and many a financier into a ditch digger. And this difference is not one of school training, but of training *in the home* from the time the child is born.

When a child is born, if normal, its chance in life is as good as any other child's. It is just as with a piece of putty. Under one master the clay becomes a noble work, while under another it remains nothing but putty.

When you look into the big, innocent blue eyes of that yellow-haired kiddie of yours, do you fully realize your responsibility? Do you realize that it depends entirely upon you whether he grows up to be admired or to be looked down upon—whether he becomes a strong character or a weakling, a success or a failure?

And your little girl—will she be frivolous, pleasure-seeking, or domestic and home-loving? Will she have the strength to overcome temptation, or will she succumb? Will she be a helpful wife or a burden on her husband? Whatever she is to become rests entirely with you.

Children are disobedient, untruthful, stubborn, disrespectful (forewarnings of a life of sorrow and failure), only because their parents do not know how to handle them. You can make your child what you will if you only know how to appeal in the right way to its higher instincts, according to Professor Ray C. Beery, President of the Parents Association, an organization which is giving the most practical kind of help to thousands of parents who are anxious to make fine men and women of their children.

Professor Beery, who has supplemented his personal experience by special study in eugenics, psychology, and various branches of sociology, at Columbia and Harvard Universities, teaches that *Confidence is the Basis of Control*. And the results he is enabling parents who are members of the Association to secure with their children are almost miraculous—the results are immediate. The Association is constantly receiving letters from its members marveling at the quick improvement in their children's deportment and manners. Professor Beery's methods give the parents a new sense of pride in their offspring.

An interesting feature of Mr. Beery's work is that, while obedience comes first—being the foundation of all other training—he does not believe in physical punishment. According to Professor Beery, the secret of curing various bad habits is to know the cause of those habits. He attacks the problem by teaching the parent how to find the real causes of disobedience, untruthfulness, and other bad traits, and then how to correct them in a lasting way.

Do You Know How—

to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?
to always obtain cheerful obedience?
to correct mistakes of early training?
to win confidence of children?
to keep child from crying?
to develop initiative in child?
to teach personal courage and self-reliance?
to suppress temper in children without punishment?
to overcome objectionable habits in children?
to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
to wisely guide child's choice of companions?
to develop sense of responsibility?
to train child in neatness and order?
to prevent quarreling and fighting?
to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?
to deal with boy who is a bully? A braggart?
to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?
to encourage child to talk?
to eliminate all forms of viciousness?
to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?
to teach child instantly to comply with command, "Don't touch"?
to inculcate respect for elders?
to overcome obstinacy?
to cure habit of coaxing?
to teach value of money and its proper use?
to correct wrong habits of thought?
to prevent and correct round shoulders? Slouching postures and careless carriage?
to cultivate mental concentration?
to engender interest in work or study?
to teach honesty and truthfulness?
to insure your child's financial success?
to cultivate cleanness of speech and thought?
to break child of sucking thumb?
to strengthen memory?
to interest child in right kind of reading?
to induce child willingly to go to bed at night and get up in the morning?

These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained, in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy through this course.

An Invitation to Join

At this time an invitation is being extended to earnest fathers and mothers who would like to join the Association and learn the methods which are proving so universally successful with children of all ages from babyhood to man and womanhood.

Life membership in the Parents Association—which has no dues—entitles you to a complete course in child training by Professor Beery, in four handsome volumes of approximately 275 pages each. This course must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical applications of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead it shows exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression. No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, these books will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper age, and apply the lessons to the child. The younger the child the better. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

Membership in the Parents Association gives you, in addition to the special Four-volume Course in Practical Child Training, the following privileges:

First: Unlimited free use of the Association's advisory service in the solution of perplexing problems in Child Training.

Second: Mail service which will consist of Special Bulletins to be issued from time to time, containing the newest findings of the Association's Board of Experts, and relating the experiences in child training of other members of the Association, thus keeping each member informed as to the progress being made in this important and far-reaching work.

Third: Authoritative advice as to the children's books, schools, camps, and all matters pertaining to educational methods.

Fourth: Unlimited free use of the Association's Purchase Service Bureau, through whom all educational books, whether school text-books, or books treating on the mental, physical, or moral development and training of children can be purchased. This service will be free, and members availing themselves of it will find, by comparison of prices, that they secure the benefit of publishers' trade discounts.

Before becoming a member of the Parents Association you are privileged to examine the Four-volume Course in Practical Child Training without the slightest obligation, and without even making a deposit, in order that you may be sure that the work of the Association is along the lines of which you approve, and that the course contains exactly what you want.

Here is the offer the Association is making for a limited time: If you will fill out and mail the application form printed below, without any money, the complete Course in Practical Child Training will be sent by return post on five days' approval. Examine it carefully and then, if you feel you can afford to be without it, send it back and you will owe nothing. If, on the other hand, you are as well pleased as the thousands of other fathers and mothers who are turning to it each day for guidance, send only $2 at the end of five days and $2 a month for four months—only $10 in all. On receipt of the first payment you will be enrolled as a member of the Association, and will receive a certificate of membership.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of your children's lives, you owe it to them to at least look at this course, which you may do, in accordance with this offer, without risking a penny. I must urge you to act promptly, however, as this offer may never be made here again.

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You may send me, carrying charges prepaid, your complete Four-volume Course in Practical Child Training by Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., for five days' free trial. If it meets with my approval and I decide to become a member, I will send you $2 five days after delivery of the four-volume Course, and $2 a month for four consecutive months in full payment for Membership and Course. If I do not care to subscribe, I will return the books within five days after their receipt. It is agreed that when I send the first payment you will at once send me a life membership certificate and that the $10.00 is payment in full, and there are no additional dues or assessments whatever.

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LA CHAPELLE STATION

BY ALBERT S. HILDEBRAND

[The writer, who was formerly librarian of the Yale Club in New York City, has been driving an ambulance for the American Ambulance Hospital in France for the past six months.—THE EDITORS.]

No traveler has ever written of La Chapelle station in Paris. It is merely a freight station, remarkable for its dinginess. The strange little French freight cars—"goods vans" they call them in England, to distinguish them from regular freight cars—once bumped into the yard and were unloaded into sheds and wagons. But now the war has changed all that, and this station of La Chapelle is one of the fascinating sights of France—a sight of horrible fascination, for the big shed has been transformed into a receiving hospital, and the trains of wounded come in at night to unload their freight. Imagine merely an ordinary freight shed, somber enough at all times, but now solemn as a haunted wood at night. Inside the shed a long white temporary building has been put up, not quite touching the walls or the roof, with a dim room inside where there are racks in long rows to hold the stretchers. Bowls and spoons are stacked up on neat little shelves here and there; there are flowers in places and nurses in attendance, but nothing seems to mitigate the dreary aspect of the long rows of stretcher racks, which look so forlorn when they are empty, and so much more forlorn when they are full. At night the place is very quiet, and filled with shadows from the pale arc lamps that swing in the wind. I don't know what goes on there during the day, and it doesn't matter—the wounded come in at night. When a train is announced, La Chapelle becomes active; there is ringing of bells in various distant quarters of the city, and a tumbling out of bed of ambulance-drivers.

The ambulances come from all directions, rumbling through the still streets: a convoy from the American Ambulance at Neuilly, a convoy from the Canadian Society (driven by girls, these cars), a convoy of French cars, a car or two from the Spanish Hospital—they all flock to La Chapelle, and, ambling in the dim gateway under the arc lamps, draw up in ranks in the shed outside. It's a remarkable shed, this where the cars wait—very hot and stuffy in the summer and intensely cold in winter. So the drivers wait, fanning themselves or stamping their freezing feet, as the case may be, until the train pulls in. The American Ambulance men unload the cars. There are sixteen men in a car, usually all bandaged and trussed up in one manner or another, some whimpering with pain and fatigue, some sitting up to crack jokes, some lying terribly still, with faces and limp hands like wax. They are all loaded into stretchers and carried out. There is always one man in a car who asks if we are Americans, and, hearing that we are, there is a smile for us from every bed. Often a man will have shrapnel holes in his face and cannot smile, but he distorts his swollen countenance into what he means to be a smile, or a flash of friendliness replaces for an instant the fever in his eyes. "Easy," they'll say, "oh, easy now. Lift that leg up, will you, some one? Under the knee—there—that's it. Pardon me, but if I can put my arm around your shoulders I can lift better. There! There we are! Now

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La Chapelle Station (Continued)

the little package there under the pillow and the coat. Put the coat under my head. That's good. And the box there is mine too, please. Put it down by my—" and then he'll remember that he has no feet—"down at the bottom." He grins at us and says good-by to "Gran'père"—the man who has charge of the car is always "Gran'père"—and we carry him out and into the long white room, where he lies on the stretcher rack and gets his soup or coffee from the nurses. He feels better then; it is so great a relief to get away from the jar of the train. He holds up his head and sees what's going on. You would not believe unless you saw it how cheerful a crowd this can be. Perhaps there may be few jokes and little laughter, but you never see a face that does not wear a look of steady fortitude and of serenity. Even when the man in the next stretcher lies unnaturally still and has stopped his moaning—it happens sometimes. They carry him out another way. A strange place to die, La Chapelle—a strange, mad, gloomy place.

Supper over, they come out into the shed where the cars are waiting, and are loaded in. The cars are high, and it is trying to the nerves to be lifted up, helpless, and slid into space; but once I saw a man who took out and lighted a cigarette while we were lifting him, without so much as a glance down at the distant floor—one of the brave ones. I don't doubt that he had a gay jest on his lips when the *brancardiers* found him out there between the trenches. The same courage, the same light-hearted acceptance of what chance sees fit to bring, is everywhere; and this is the secret of that human ability to endure a war. When the ambulance is loaded, the official comes with the papers—nothing is done in France without a paper, of course—and calls the roll of the wounded men. When they can't answer they kick their feet, that being all of them that shows, or rap on the side of the car. Then the doors are closed; the driver puts the papers in his cap. Out through the wide door they go, very gently, down the incline and over the cobblestones in the yard, through the dim gateway under the arc lamps, and rumble through the still streets. Somewhere in Paris there is a bed for every one.

ANOTHER "LAST WAR"

An interesting illustration of the fact that this present war is not the first one to be regarded as possibly the last, and that it is not the first time that the possibility of perpetual peace has been considered, is furnished in the conclusion of an extremely rare book, a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library.

Sir R. Morisyne, in his "An Exhortation to styrre up all Englyshmen to the Defence of their Country," concludes with the words: "Let us, let us therefore worke lustely nowe, we shall play for euer hereafter. Let us fight this one fielde with englysshe hands and englysshe hartes, perpetuall quitnes, rest, peace, victorie, honour, welthe, all is owers."

The book is a black-letter, small octavo volume, and was printed in 1539. It contains interesting references to defensive works made around the coast by Henry VIII.

ARTHUR J. WESTON.

East Orange, New Jersey.

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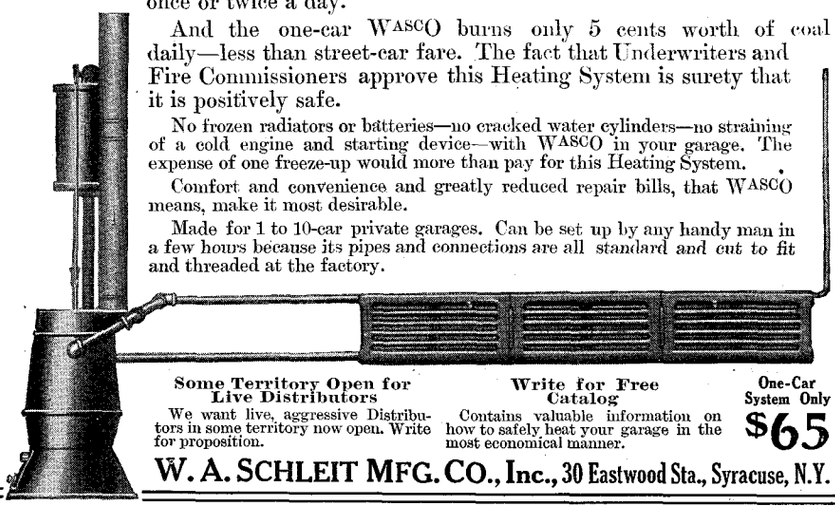

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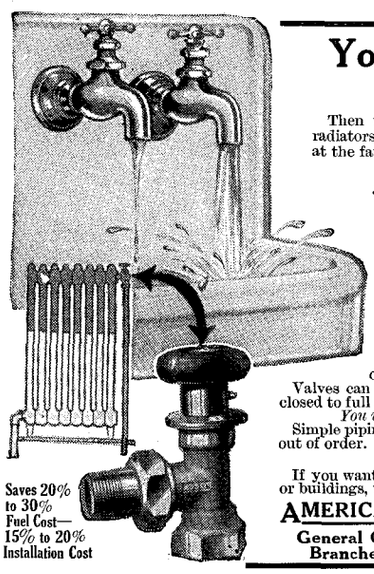

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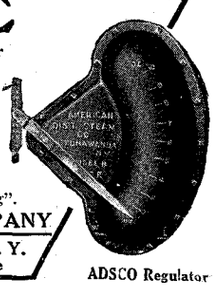

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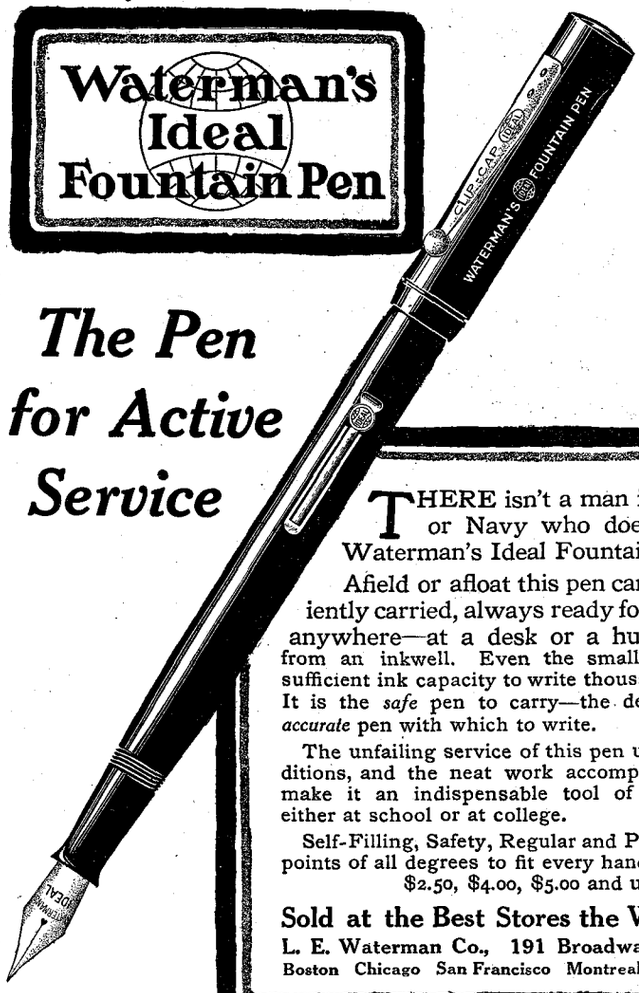

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THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Bromley Neighborhood. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

No novel by Alice Brown, not even "The Prisoner," is more mature or richer in character depiction than "Bromley Neighborhood." It would indeed be difficult to name any American novel of the year which is more thoroughly well worth reading. There are at least half a dozen New England characters in the book who stand out with coherent, sharp-cut personality. Perhaps there is a little too much stress laid on the psychology of the self-conscious girl who almost abnormally shrinks from love, and to whom love comes finally in a flash of revelation. Nevertheless, Ellen is in herself human, while her father and mother, and Tabitha (a maiden aunt who is not quite fully equipped mentally), and perhaps most of all Larry, the cynical yet at heart kindly bachelor who is struggling with drink and mental despair—all are people in whom the reader is deeply interested from the beginning to the end of the story. All in all, this is an admirable piece of fiction, one that should take and hold a high place among American novels of its decade.

BIOGRAPHY

Henry Thoreau: As Remembered by a Young Friend. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Mr. Emerson, when only a child, knew Thoreau. This book is therefore not so much a direct description from recollection as impressions gathered by the author from those who knew Thoreau more intimately, and whose impressions are here transmitted. The author is imbued with the Thoreau personality and the Thoreau atmosphere. The volume throws light on Thoreau's personality in a way both interesting and faithful. It will be welcomed by all admirers of the Sage of Walden.

Inside the World. By Maxim Gorky. Translated by Mrs. Gertrude M. Foakes. The Century Company, New York. $2.

A continuation of Gorky's life story. A former volume dealt with his childhood; this tells the story of his youth, spent largely in sordid circumstances and among disagreeable people. Despite its heavy realism, there is imagination in the narrative, and occasionally also, as in the pen-picture of the boy's grandmother, real feeling.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

British Exploits in South America. By W. H. Koebel. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $4.

The romantic history of early British activities in South America is not as widely known as it doubtless will be now that Mr. Koebel's latest book has appeared. In other volumes he has already instructed us concerning Argentina, Chile, and Uruguay. The present volume is no less interesting.

Ultimate Democracy and Its Making. By Newell L. Sims, A.M., Ph.D. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

The mass of facts, figures, and sociological deductions brought together by Dr. Sims from many sources evinces the fact that democracy is still in the making. The inferences he draws from the exhibit are misleading. Throwing aside its constructive factors, he exaggerates the destructive. "Science and reason are instinctively at war with emotion and religion. . . . Deity is being routed out of his cosmic pavilions. . . .

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The New Books (Continued)

As the early and untimely prophet of the new order, Auguste Comte was wont to teach, Humanity is Deity. . . . God has evolved and is evolving." The disclaimer that this analysis "does not necessarily represent the author's own beliefs and convictions, and should not be construed as such," is not made good by any utterance of a better hope.

POEMS

Man Who Saw (The), and Other Poems. By William Watson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

Peacock Pie: A Book of Rhymes. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard. Collected by Ina Coolbrith. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Christian Ministry and Social Problems (The). By Charles D. Williams, Bishop of Michigan. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

Bishop Williams's words have for years gone country-wide. Then the war also warned America to set her own house in order by the social reforms long urged. Yet this still needs urging. A main hindrance Bishop Williams sees in "conventional Christianity" and the "torpid social conscience" he would rouse to action. In successive chapters he first presents clearly and forcibly the principles underlying the Christian minister's relation to the social problem as a whole and in its chief particulars—"The New Social Conscience," "Wealth and Poverty," "Charity or Justice," and "The True Radicalism." He then gives point to it all with "Some Practical Agenda"—things to be done—with avoidance of things not to be attempted.

WAR BOOKS

Red Rugs of Tarsus (The). A Woman's Record of the Armenian Massacre of 1909. By Helen Davenport Gibbons. The Century Company, New York. $1.25.

The author, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, was in Tarsus in 1909, a witness of the awful Armenian massacres of that time. The letters which she wrote to her mother during that agonizing time she has brought together, revised, and in certain portions rewritten. The result is this book—a very vital, realistic, graphic portrayal of one of the terrible tragedies of modern history.

Retreat from Mons (The). With a Preface by Field Marshal Lord French. (The Operations of the British Army in the Present War.) Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 50c.

This little book describes the famous retreat, from the official records as summarized by a member of the British General Staff. General French furnishes a brief but spirited introduction.

Sainte Séductre. By Exile X. Edited by Richard Wilmer Rowan. The Liberty Publishing Company, New York. $1.25.

Sainte Séductre is not exactly a story, nor is it exactly a play. It is an evidently fictitious narrative, in the form of dialogue, setting forth dramatic incidents surrounding a plot on the part of high German officers to make Germany invincible and all-powerful by making Germany a new kind of democracy. It is not a sober and reasonable discussion of the Teutonic peril. It is rather a dramatic representation of the Teutonic peril as it might conceivably remain even in a democratic form of government. The harshness and conscienceless efficiency and effrontery of German officialdom are pictured in their effects upon helpless captives and in their working through an elaborate and subtle spy system. The plot culminates in a plan for the humiliation of the German Crown Prince.

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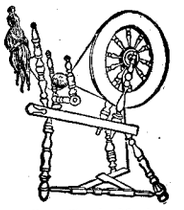

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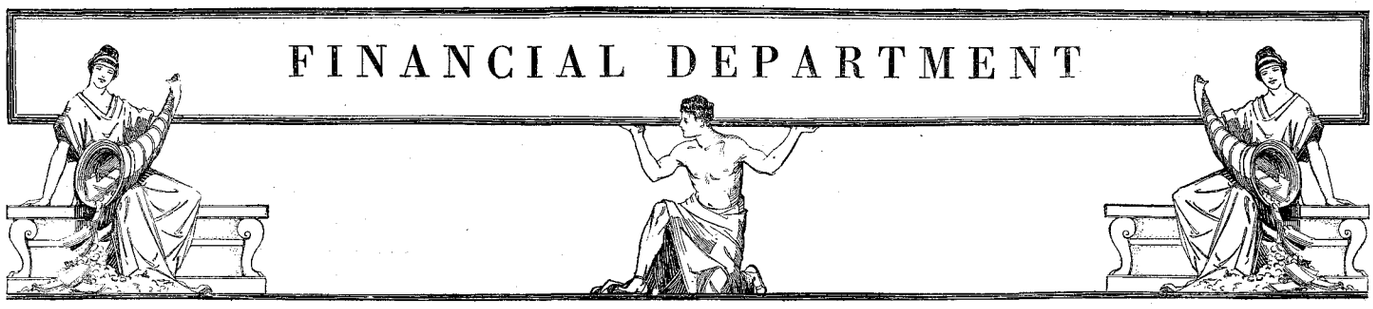

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

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THE SPECULATOR IN WAR TIME

COURAGEOUS is the man these days who stands in the market-place and admits that he is a speculator. In the eyes of many the speculator in a time of war is an arch-profiteer, the most evil of all the evil ones who attempt to enrich themselves out of the suffering of international conflict.

In the Chicago wheat pit speculation is now taboo; on the Stock Exchange in Wall Street they look askance at the trader who sells stocks short; even a well-intentioned citizen who sold a block of Government bonds because he thought he had subscribed for more than his share, and thereby broke the price below the issue price, was haled before the keepers of the morals of the Exchange as a suspicious character.

A speculator is a person who buys or sells something with the expectation of later profiting by a considerable change in the market value of the thing he is trading in.

That is a raw definition. Adam Smith stated it with greater elegance of diction when he described speculators as "those who are called philosophers or men of speculation, whose trade is not to do anything, but to observe everything; and who, upon that account, are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade and occupation of a particular class of citizens."

Adam Smith wrote that in the year Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. Later on in his classic treatise on political economy he spoke more specifically about grain speculators:

"After the business of the farmer, that of the corn merchant [grain speculator, in modern parlance] is in reality the trade which, if properly protected and encouraged, would contribute most to the raising of corn. The popular fear of engrossing and forestalling [early highbrow for "cornering wheat"] may be compared with the popular terrors of witchcraft. The unfortunate wretches accused of this latter crime were not more innocent of the misfortunes imputed to them than those who have been accused of the former."

It is difficult to say which is the most remarkable—the survival through the centuries of the feeling against speculation or the survival of speculation in the face of this feeling. The feeling is probably just as widespread to-day as it was back in the fourteenth century when a London baker named John-At-Wood was confined three days in the pillory because he conspired to raise the price of wheat by bidding two and a half pence over the market price.

There are undoubtedly forms of speculation that cannot be distinguished from gambling, pure and simple; and at times speculation has been associated with attempts at monopoly; but buying with the expectation of a rise in price and selling in expectation of a fall in price is speculative buying and selling, and when safeguarded serves a useful purpose.

The housewife is prone to blame the wheat speculator for the high price of bread, and the investor is quite ready to charge the Wall Street "bear" with conspiring to depress the market quotation of his securities. But to any one who will stop to consider it must be plain that the legitimate speculator, instead of causing the fluctuations in prices, is merely attempting to profit by foreseeing the results of economic forces working in the markets. And in thus assuming a risk of production he is performing a valuable service.

A most unusual development in speculation was seen recently in the Chicago pit. In the early part of the war the pit foresaw that short crops and intensified war demands must inevitably advance the price of wheat. The pit bought wheat futures in advance of harvesting new crops, and the commodity rose from one dollar to two dollars a bushel. With the consequent rise in flour and bread a great hue and cry arose against the pit.

Buyers for the Allied nations came to America to purchase huge quantities of wheat to feed their people at home and their men on the battlefields. Speculators, believing that the high prices would so stimulate production and so limit consumption that still higher prices were unlikely, sold wheat for future delivery. Their contracts to supply wheat were eagerly purchased by Europe, and the prices went on climbing. Soon after our entrance into the war wheat rose above three dollars a bushel in the Chicago pit, and speculative selling was powerless to keep prices down in the face of the panic-like buying by Europe.

The free speculative market ceased to function. The unequal contest between individual traders with limited resources and Government buyers with unlimited resources could not go on. The free market had to be abandoned.

When wheat was selling at three dollars a bushel, the writer asked a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense when they proposed to fix a maximum price and check the advance. This distinguished servant of the Nation then replied:

Not until the farmers have all their seed in the ground for this year's harvest—and perhaps not then. Don't you think we ought to worry more about the *minimum* price? The world wants bread, and it certainly would not stimulate the production of wheat to keep the price down."

That was in the spring. Since then we have heard much discussion in Washington of *maximum* prices for iron and steel, copper, soft coal, and ocean freights; but for wheat the only proposal is for a *minimum* price.

To make sure that farmers will raise large crops and devote less fertile acreage to wheat production, the Government will guarantee a high price for wheat during the war. The plan announced by Mr. Hoover, the National Food Dictator, is to fix a standard high price for wheat. This will not be a just price, according to the common usage of the term, but will be a stimulating price. Under the stress of National exigency, the Government proposes to do just what the speculative markets normally do in peace times, in stimulating increased production by high prices when world supplies are small.

When speculators foresee short crops and increased demands for grain, they anticipate the future by contracting to purchase the new wheat when it comes to market. These advance purchases raise prices, and thereby serve as a warning to the world to conserve its supplies and to increase its wheat acreage. But these purchases could not be made without the presence in the markets of other speculators ready to contract to deliver wheat in the

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The Speculator in War Time (Continued)

future. The short sellers perform just as useful service as the "bulls."

The speculators are the risk-bearers of modern commerce and finance. The business of speculation has grown to vast proportions in the world's markets because it fills an economic need. If speculation were prohibited by law, as England attempted to do back in the Middle Ages, then the risks now assumed by speculators would have to be borne by the farmers and merchants and manufacturers who now shift their speculative risks to the markets.

To stop all speculation—the balance-wheel of trade—would be akin to prohibiting insurance against loss by fire. Legitimate speculation is business insurance. But in times like these, when Governments must assume control of the production and distribution of the great necessities, and when the normal processes of business must be revolutionized under the stress of world conflict, markets may be suspended, industrial plants may be seized, private wealth may be confiscated—there is no limit to what the people, through their governmental agencies, may do for national preservation.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Will you please tell me the best book that will help an inexperienced person to learn how to invest a few hundred dollars in stocks or bonds, where the money will be safe, yet bring in more than a savings bank? When I see all the costly marble banks and insurance buildings and men living off the money people earn, it seems that there must be some way that a person of fair intelligence can learn also where to invest his money. I would like to make money-making a study. I don't want riches. I just want to make an honest living. I want to make mind take the place of muscle. Millions make money without hard toil. Why can't I? There must be some way one can learn what to buy and sell in order to make money.

A. There is no royal road to wealth. A reading of some of the flamboyant prospectuses of get-rich-quick promoters of mining and oil companies may have led you to believe that there was such an easy way to riches; but these gentry who flood the country with worthless shares in bubble companies know better. The money-making instinct is highly developed in very few men. It cannot be acquired from books, or even from intimate association with men who have it. Men who study money-making seldom make money. The reason that others have made money is that they have had the vision to see ahead and the courage to take risks; and, as often happens, the element of chance has been in their favor. The opportunities around you for money-making are as varied as they are anywhere in the world. But get out of your mind the idea that "millions make money without hard toil." The writer has known many men who have made fortunes in this country of rich opportunities—and a few who have made great fortunes—but he has never known a fortune-maker who did not toil night and day for all he made. If you have not an inborn gift for money-making, we would advise you not to attempt to make money by speculation, but we would advise you to put your savings into conservative corporation securities and mortgages, where it is now possible, under war conditions, to get six per cent and more with a reasonable degree of safety. But, more than this, if you would really be happy in your work, we would advise you not to study the art of money-making, but to study how to be of greater service in the work in which you are engaged, so that your work may return you a larger and larger compensation. The fortune you are dreaming of may be right before you in the work you are doing.

Questions and Answers (Continued)

Q. I want to be a successful business man. I have a degree from an Eastern university and will shortly graduate in medicine. I have some money now, and will inherit more. I want to be able to judge the times to buy cotton, grain, etc. What books would you suggest I read? How can I learn about the lives of the successful financiers?

A. By an odd coincidence, this letter comes from a California reader of The Outlook living only a few miles from the correspondent whose letter is answered above. To a young man who is shortly to become a doctor of medicine and who looks forward to inheriting some money we would say: Make yourself the best doctor you possibly can; when your inheritance comes, seek the advice of some banking house of high standing as to how to invest your money, if it is not already wisely invested. But do not speculate in commodities or stocks. If you do, the chances are you will lose your money. Only a man with the speculative temperament has any chance of making a living from speculation. It is much easier to make a fortune in almost any other business than in speculation.

Q. I have found among my papers 500 shares of Eastern Consolidated Oil Company. Are these shares worth anything?

A. This company was floated by a notorious promoter. It was one of many oil and mining bubbles that burst some years ago at the end of an era of wildcat promoting. An investor should never intrust his savings to a company that promises big returns, that is not directed by men of the highest business reputation, and that has not the unqualified recommendation of well-known banking institutions. The first test of any security must be the men behind it. If it fails this test, there is no need of further investigation. But this test is not necessarily conclusive. Many ventures directed by men of the highest financial standing have failed.

Free Booklets for Investors

Many of the investment bankers publish booklets and literature for the information of prospective investors. The following is a list of booklets which may be obtained by writing to the investment houses issuing them, mentioning The Outlook, or by writing direct to the Financial Editor of The Outlook:

Farm Mortgages—Illustrated Booklet, Lists, etc. Cronan Mortgage Company, 906-911 Spalding Building, Portland, Ore.

Farm Mortgages—List No. 58. A. G. Danforth & Co., Washington, Ill.

First Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds—Booklets. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

Dairy Farm Mortgages—Information and Literature. Markham & May Company, 1226 First National Bank Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Odd Lot Orders"—Booklet K-48. John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.

Thrift Bonds—Full information. National Thrift Bond Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York.

Municipal Bonds of California—Circular O-8. Oakland Street Improvement Bond Company, Oakland, Cal.

Guaranteed Farm Mortgages—Booklet O-17. The Straus Brothers Company, Ligonier, Ind.

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THE community church in State agricultural college town desires pastor of good pulpit and organizing ability. State-wide influence and splendid field for right man. 5,155, Outlook.

WOMEN interns in the Woman's Southern Homeopathic Hospital of Philadelphia. Excellent experience. Write to Supt., 739 S. Broad St., Philadelphia.

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INCREASE your earning power by learning to write advertisements. Facts sent free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 32, Page Building, Chicago.

EMBROIDERERS on infants' flannel goods. The R. R. Barringer Co., 29 East 31st St., New York.

LADIES to make up infants' cashmere garments; must be fine feather-stitchers; also to do silk crochet edge work. The R. R. Barringer Co., 29 East 31st St., N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, immediately, healthy, energetic woman, about 40, as night caretaker in orphan asylum. Comfortable home. $360 and laundry. References required as to character and reliability. 5,160, Outlook.

WANTED—Housekeeper-governess, to live in Cambridge, Mass. Salary, $50. Apply Mrs. Julian Coolidge, North Haven, Me.

CAFETERIA managers, dietitians, matrons, housekeepers, secretaries, governesses, mothers' helpers. Miss Richards, 49 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED woman accustomed to housekeeping and children to share apartment of teacher in New York City and assist in care of little boy. 5,143, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—An experienced governess for country the entire year. Must be an American, Protestant. Able to take physical care and tutor and teach piano. References required. 5,153, Outlook.

WANTED—An experienced Protestant nursery governess for Waterbury, Connecticut. Address Mrs. T. T. Driggs, Watch Hill, R. I., giving references and salary.

PACIFIC Coast? For certification rules, etc., send 20c. stamps to Boynton-Esterly Teachers Agency, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

GOVERNESS, not over thirty-five years of age, for two girls, age seven and four. French conversation necessary. 5,137, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

YOUNG woman desires position as secretary. Business details specialty. 5,167, Outlook.

CHAUFFEUR, American, single, wants position with family that will appreciate efficient service; has had seven years' experience building and repairing different cars. Reliable and sober. 5,177, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CAPABLE superintendent, dietitian, for institution or home. Specialty of training young girls. Qualified as public speaker. Highest references. 5,162, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, energetic, experienced, capable of managing any number of servants and assuming all responsibility, desires independent position (October), family or institution. 5,158, Outlook.

YOUNG woman as companion or companion-housekeeper. City, country. 5,159, Outlook.

WOMAN of education and refinement desires position as managing housekeeper. Mrs. Bell, 124 W. 82d St., New York.

LADY of refinement and large experience wishes position as institutional superintendent. 5,161, Outlook.

COMPANION.—Capable, refined American lady would care for semi-invalid or elderly lady. Good seamstress. 5,151, Outlook.

YOUNG lady as companion. Well educated, music. Will travel. 5,166, Outlook.

WANTED, by capable woman, position in home on ranch in West or Northwest. Companion, housekeeper, assistant to housewife, or clerical work. Home privileges, good salary, transportation from Chicago. References exchanged. 5,168, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER or companion will give services in return for home for self and mother. 5,169, Outlook.

MATRON.—Position as housemother in school or resident manager of girls' club. Experienced. Musical. Excellent credentials. 5,175, Outlook.

ENGLISH gentlewoman, position as housekeeper, secretary; town or country, Virginia only. 5,176, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED governess who teaches piano and fond of life out of doors, is college-trained and loves children, would especially like position with one little girl. Exceptional references. 5,157, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, age 25, experienced, German, English, French, music, desires position with refined Christian family. Salary $50. 5,152, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged French governess, wide experience, wishes position by October 1. City references. 5,149, Outlook.

WANTED, by highly educated English lady (certificated from College of Preceptors, London, Edinburgh University, South Kensington, and Trinity College), non-resident post to educate several children, families willing study together. Subjects: Standard English (grammar and literature), excellent French (three years in Paris), Latin, music, drawing. Five hours' tuition daily. $160. 5,173, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED—Young women to take a short course for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

YOUNG gentlewoman, good reader, with wide acquaintance of English literature, would like position to read aloud one or two hours daily in or near city. 5,154, Outlook.

REGISTERED nurse wishes to board and care for infant or child. Good home near park. Physician's references. Reasonable rates. 5,163, Outlook.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

OLD coins. Large Fall Coin Catalogue of coins for sale free. Catalogue quoting prices paid for coins, ten cents. William Hesslin, 161 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

CHAPERONE in New York. Principal of school living in 4-room hotel apartment would share same and chaperone young girl student whose parents desire conscientious care for daughter. References exchanged. Correspondence invited. Address "Chaperone," 1364 Broadway, New York.

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BY THE WAY

A sportsman, an exchange says, while stopping overnight at the cabin of a Tennessee mountaineer, asked, "Are you a native of this place?" "Am I what?" the Tennessean repeated. Whereupon his wife helped out: "Don't ye understand, Jim? He wants ter know ef ye're a native—ef yer lived here since ye were born or ef yer was born afore yer lived here?"

Aviation clothing outfits may be as expensive as the flying man's purse permits. A firm of clothiers advertises: "Aviation Suit. Coat has detachable fleece lining; large bellows pockets lined with heavy duck. Trousers thong-tied at the bottom. Price, coat, $75; trousers, $25."

The Biblical calculators are at work again in these troubled times. A pamphlet appears that predicts for "August Fourth" (which was a remarkably fine day, as it happened, in New York and vicinity): "Heavens on fire, death everywhere, all business ends, rivers dried up, three days' darkness, resurrection of saints." There is still a chance for the prophet to make good, however, for "on September Sixteenth" comes the finale: "At 11.08 New York Time. Every child caught away. Every saint caught away. World confederacy begins."

Working by another method, a newspaper prophet predicts an outbreak of the German proletariat between 10 A.M. and 12:30—precise date not given. He reasons thus: In addition to being properly nourished, a man must *feel* full or he becomes discontented. Fats retard digestion; Germany is shy on fats; this deprivation is chiefly felt by the Social Democrat. He breakfasts on bread and jam; this doesn't last as long as bread and butter, on which the Conservative breakfasts. So the Social Democrat soon feels hollow—about 10 A.M. Till 12:30, therefore, there is a propaganda of discontent in the department of the interior of the Social Democratic party—which may result in a revolutionary outbreak sooner or later.

An English militant crusader, a humorous exchange reports, strolled into a barn when a young man was milking a cow. "How is it that you are not at the front, young man?" "Because, ma'am," answered the milker, "there ain't no milk at that end."

A film play that ought to produce a number of thrills is entitled "The Fall of the Romanoffs" and deals with recent events in Russia. Iliodor, the "Mad Monk," who had a part in the Revolution, is one of the acting characters in the play. He came to America not long ago, and his revelations are said to make the basis of the story that will be presented on the screen.

Attention is being called in Great Britain to wild foods. A guide to these, recently published, names 260 different articles of diet of this kind and gives recipes for their preparation. Among the more common are: snails, the edible frog, hedgehogs, nettles, whortleberries, avrons, blewits (edible fungus), dulse, laver, and samphire. Demonstrators with traveling kitchens, a London correspondent of a medical journal says, are to be sent to villages and towns to show the people how to use these neglected foods. The amateur experimenter had better let them alone.

Principe is a singularly beautiful tropical island in the Gulf of Guinea, off the west coast of Africa. It was invaded by the terrible tsetse fly, the producer of the sleeping sickness. A Portuguese scientific mission was sent to the island to conquer the pest. This it did by clearing jungles, draining swamps, destroying animals that spread the disease, and by actually trapping the flies. The first year 17,000 flies a month were caught, the second year 6,000 a month, the third year only fourteen flies were caught by 297 men in three months, and in the last nine months of the year none were caught—the fly and the disease having been completely extirpated in this triumphal onslaught of applied science.

1849	1871	1888
1	1	1
8	8	8
4	7	8
9	1	8
1871	1888	1913

These problems in addition concern an alleged gypsy fortune-teller's prediction. In 1849 the present Kaiser's grandfather, in a disguise, was told by a gypsy that in 1871 (determined as above) he would become Emperor of the new German Empire; that in 1888 (determined as above) would occur the end of his reign; and when asked how long his Empire would last, the gypsy made the same kind of calculation and reached the year 1913, which, as the report puts it, is the last complete year of the present Kaiser's unchallenged supremacy.

The extent of the women's clothing business in New York City is indicated by the appearance in a daily newspaper of that city of more than a score of advertisements for "models" to try on dresses in wholesale houses. Most of the advertisements promise good pay; one particularizes—"$25 weekly." Needless to say, the girls who command these salaries must be "stylish," "tall and of graceful carriage," "with perfect figures," "good-looking, stylish young women."

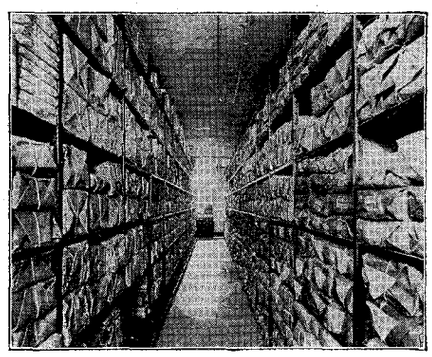
A printer in whom the *Wanderlust* spirit shows itself in an up-to-date way is seeing the country in a motor car specially fitted up as a printing shop. He carries a 6 × 9 press, a cabinet of type, and all necessary material for executing a job. His car also has a housekeeping outfit, including ice-chest, kitchen cabinet, bed, table, etc., with running water from a tank. He works in a town till he gets tired, then motors to fresh fields with his outfit. His name is Robins, he started from San Francisco a year ago, and he expects to work East to New York some time, according to the "American Printer," which publishes a picture of this novel car.

In declaring that insane persons occasionally display logic combined with wit, a physician tells of a conversation with an asylum patient who showed these qualities. The physician asked, after some conventional preliminaries, "Why are you here?" "Simply a difference of opinion," replied the patient; "I said all men were mad, and all men said I was mad—and the majority won."

The E. H. Harriman memorial gold medal was won this year by the Alabama Great Southern Railroad for its safety provisions. The record of the road during 1916 showed not one passenger killed, no employees killed in train accidents, only one fatality in other than a train accident, and no fatalities and only two injuries among 2,000 industrial workers employed by the company.

"Well, little miss," said the grocer, as reported by the Boston "Transcript," "what can I do for you?" "Please, sir, mother wants a bottle of good-natured alcohol."

DURAND
Steel Racks



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We Are At War and his authorized publishers issue in a book called "Why We Are At War" the four great messages, the proclamation of April 6, and the message to the American people of April 15—a book full of inspiration for every man and woman today making a sacrifice for liberty. Get it at your book store, or it will be sent postpaid for 60 cents by
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